

# The TATLER

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London, April 20, 1932

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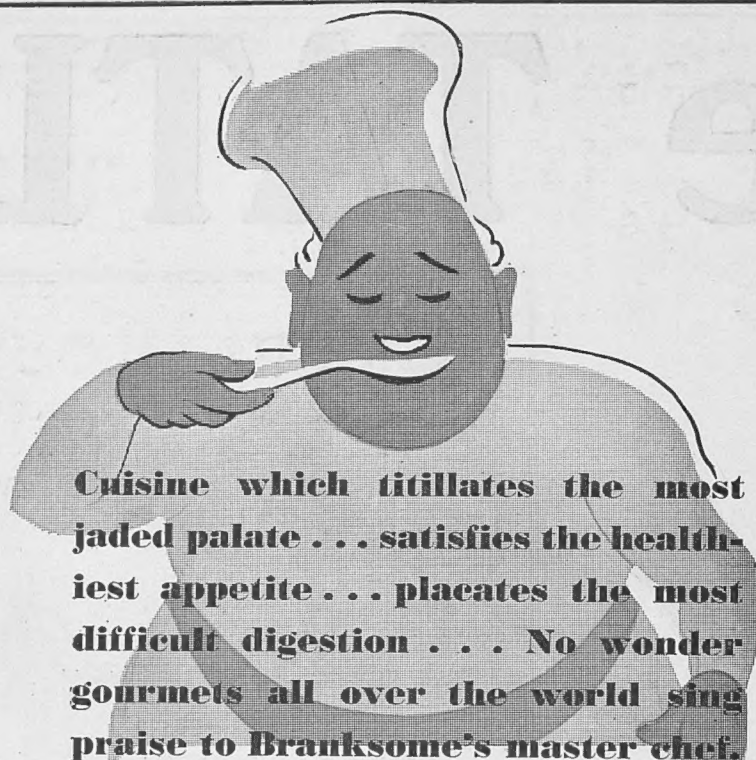
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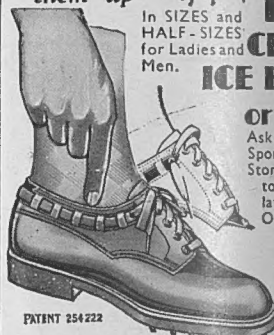
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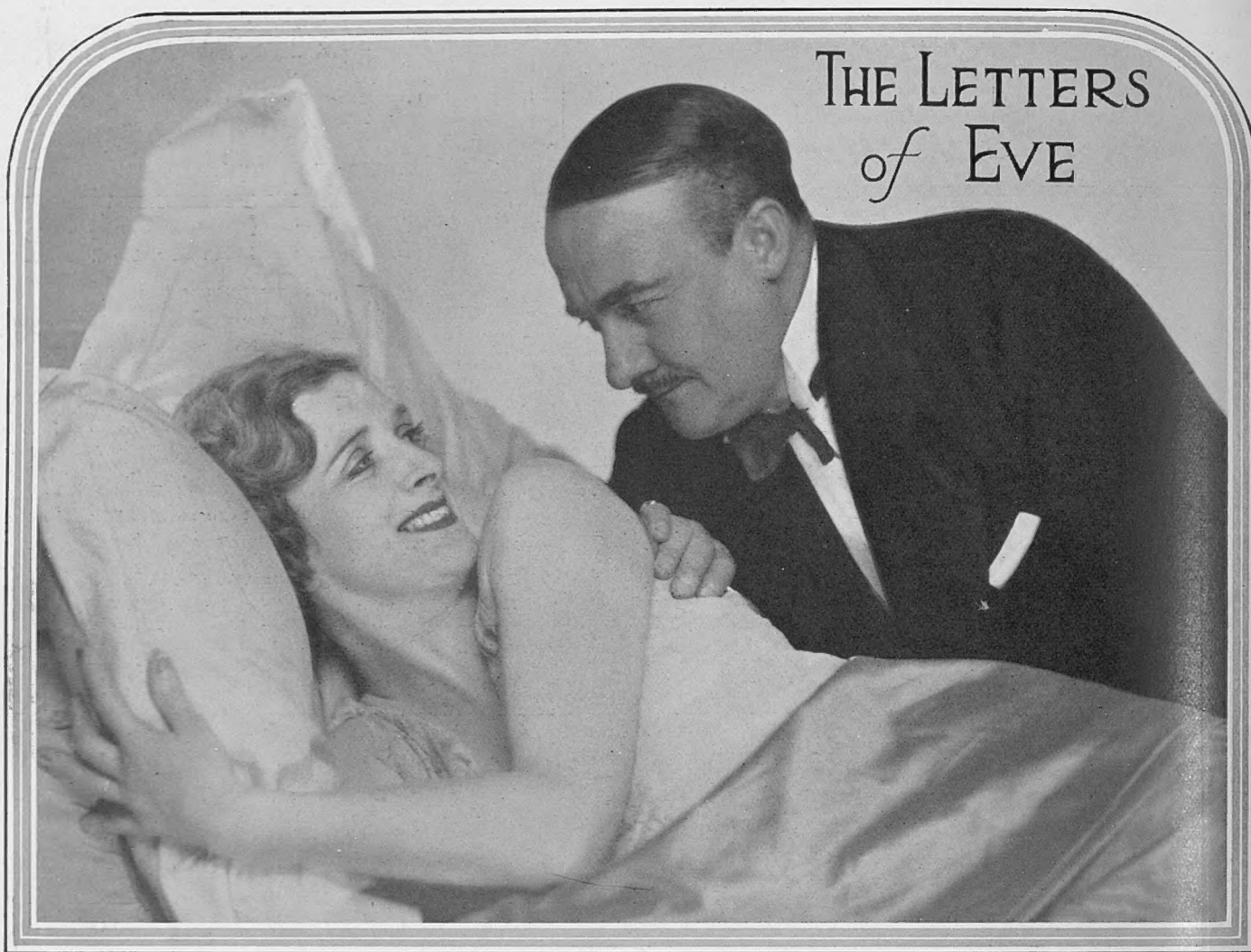
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## THE LETTERS of EVE

BEDSIDE MANNERISMS: MISS GLADYS COOPER AND MR. RONALD SQUIRE IN "DR. PYGMALION" Dorothy Widdug

A scene from Harrison Owen's amusing comedy at the Playhouse. Champagne for sham pains was what the Doctor (Ronald Squire) ordered, and as he was also something of a heart "specialist"—a Squire of dames, in fact—the effect of his treatment on the lovely patient (Miss Gladys Cooper) was most inspiring

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W. 1.

**M**Y DEAR,—Lady Cunard and Mr. C. B. Cochran are certainly adding to their already large crown of artistic laurels by leading the movement for better and brighter week-ends in London. Lady Cunard has always supported the arts and all real artists, and I mention her particularly because her dislike of any kind of country house visiting compels her to spend seven days out of every week in London, when she is in England, and to make the most of them. And Mr. Cochran has been forcing matters lately by making a habit of Saturday night premières.

And words almost fail me when I try to write about his latest production, *The Miracle*. Too often, nowadays, the theatre gives us little more than a Cowardly representation of our not very private lives. But *The Miracle* does what the theatre originally set out to do, to present man with a vision of another world, and to give his emotions full play. Rarely have I seen such a beautiful spectacle as our master showman has put on at the Lyceum. And never have I seen a spectacle so magnificent and yet in such perfect taste. Nor, apart from a miracle I saw performed at Lourdes, have I seen anything more moving than the cripple's restoration to health, and the ascension of the erring nun's baby into the Madonna's arms.

If this profoundly moving and exquisite pageant of past hopes and fears and beliefs does not please that vague body known as "the public," then there is nothing for it than a series of dictaphone and gramophone records of lovers' quarrels. Their happier moments would inevitably be censored.

The audience at both the first nights on Saturday and Monday made a worldly contrast to the Gothic cathedral setting. Smart young women and curled blonde heads were to be seen everywhere. Mrs. Bryan Guinness in white and summer ermine,

Lady Castlerosse in pale green flowered chiffon, and Lady Georgina Curzon in lemon yellow and orchid mauve. Lady Dorothy Ashley Cooper came with Lord Ivor Churchill. She is extraordinarily like Tessa Deane, the coster heroine of "Derby Day," and her long hair intensifies the resemblance.

The Rutland family was in full force to support Lady Diana, the heroine of the evening, for whom Lady Cunard gave a supper party afterwards. The Dowager Duchess looked very beautiful. Age cannot touch a face like hers. It only makes it finer and more transparent. Lady Anglesey brought her two lovely daughters, and two other enthusiastic members of the audience were the Duchess of Rutland's small sons. As for Lady Diana herself, she had several unforeseen ordeals to combat at the first night. But she never wavered, and her dignity and beauty carried all before them.

Other members of the audience included Prince George, who seemed to be in very good form, judging by the way he was entertaining Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, the Duchess of Westminster, in an embroidered dress and a short velvet coat which had amusing puff sleeves, and Lady Oxford, who was wearing the most colossal circular glass earrings; their weight must have been terrific. And there was Mr. Oliver Messel, that extraordinarily gifted young man whom the great Reinhardt himself described as a genius. And as, for the first time in theatrical history, he has contrived to make mediæval women look really chic, I think he has justified himself, if only by that alone.

Another clever young man, Mr. Evelyn Waugh, was the guest of honour at Mr. Dennis Bradley's recent cocktail party, given to celebrate the de-censoring of "Vile Bodies." All the brightest of the bright young people were there! Mrs. Baillie Hamilton, in emerald green, was one of the most brilliant objects



to be seen. She has a curiously attractive look of Anna May Wong at times. Mr. John Loder, the film star, Miss Jeanne Stourton, in a tiny white hat which can only be described as "cute," Mr. Terry Weldon, and Mr. Lindsay Drummond, all helped to make the party go with a swing. Mr. William Gerhardi helped Mr. Waugh to lend a literary flavour to the proceedings, and our host, Mr. Dennis Bradley, did the honours in grand style. It was an amusing idea to give the party above the staid business premises with which the host's name is connected. Those "gent's suitings" in their glass cases can never have seen such goings on before!

Two other specially-gifted young men I found at Miss Mala Brand's lunch party last week, Mr. John van Druten and Mr. Beverley Nicholls. Mr. van Druten is the most modest person I have met for years, quite unspoilt by his success, and most reluctant to talk about himself. However, I did manage to make him confess that he finds it as difficult to settle down to regular work as we lazy and unproductive ones, and that he is now busy on something which is as yet still undecided and undefined. The first time that he has not had the whole dénouement worked out before setting down to it. Our hostess had extended the beer and sausage idea for lunch, thus combining a happy

Worthy certainly gave us a run for our money before winning the Cup next day. All the people one would expect to see were there. Lord Rosebery and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp and the Carnarvons. It was a relation of Lady Carnarvon who gave us such a



AT THE STANLEY-COLLINS WEDDING: THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE AND COL. COLLINS

Leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after the wedding. The bride was Miss Ann Collins, the daughter of Colonel and Lady Evelyn Collins and the bridegroom Mr. Frederick Stanley, a nephew of Lord Derby. Lady Evelyn Collins is a sister of the Duke of Roxburghe



LADY MALCOLM DOUGLAS HAMILTON AND HER DAUGHTER, DIANA

A charming picture taken just before the baby's christening, which happened early in April at the Duke of Hamilton's private chapel at Dungavel, Lanarkshire. Lord Malcolm is the Duke's third son, and Lady Malcolm was Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon and is the only child of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Malcolm and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon. He is the youngest brother of the Earl of Strathmore. The baby wore the famous Hamilton robe of Honiton at the christening

informality with an easy solution to the problem of feeding a dozen people in a dining room meant for six.

It seems hard luck that Newbury, which is one of the best arranged and managed of all courses, should nearly always have such bad weather for its meetings. However, no enthusiast minds a little rain, and while Orwell provided the star turn on Friday, Abbot's

Miss Monica Sheriffe, Colonel Gilbert Hamilton, and Lady Ursula Stewart.

It was good to be at Newmarket again, with bright sunshine to temper a very cold wind. But there was a good deal of grumbling about the new 4s. and £1 tote (no more 2s. or 10s.). There were not many people beyond the usual race-goers such as Lord Derby, Lord and Lady Rosebery, the Duke of Norfolk with his sister, Lady Rachel Howard, Mrs. Clayton with malmaisons pinned into her mink coat, Lady de Trafford looking frozen in a flannel coat and skirt, and Lord and Lady Lonsdale who came with Lady Ethel Wickham and Sir William and Lady Noreen Bass.

Amongst the permanent Newmarketters was Mrs. Gerard Tharp, who came over with some friends from Chippenham. It is wonderful what the Tharps have done with Chippenham, which they inherited from Colonel Tharp's aunt, Mrs. Monty Tharp. The grounds were always lovely with the avenue of limes, the lake with the wood along the bank, and the old wall gardens. But the house was a difficult problem, as it always appeared dark and very Victorian. However, with great taste the present owners have cleverly reconstructed the whole place, turning the doubtful Victorian relic, the "Winter Garden," into a charming dining-room, and the new decorations have made it into a delightful place. For many generations the Tharps owned the Limekilns, which are so invaluable as a training ground, but heavy taxation obliged Colonel Tharp to sell these to the Jockey Club. He has a lot of property round Newmarket and some excellent shooting.

(Continued overleaf)



THE OWNER AND SKIPPER OF "JOLIE BRISE": MR. ROBERT SOMERSET

He sailed away out of Plymouth last week bound for New York to race in the New York-Bermuda and home again ocean race. Mr. Somerset is his own navigator and has a crew of three paid hands and three amateurs. The "Jolie Brise" has crossed the Atlantic once before and has won a great many ocean races to Ireland, Spain, and so forth



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Melton's final fling was in the form of hunter trials. It is the first time anything of this kind has happened there, for Leicestershire horses are usually too busy hunting to have any energy left over for "parlour sports" like these.

However, the local agricultural society being the good cause concerned, there was an enormous number of entries.

A piercingly cold wind searched the hill on which the judges stood, their grandstand being farm carts reinforced with tarpaulin. When hailstorms swept the country it was surprising how many people got aboard in hope of shelter. All the time there was a constant procession of Leicestershire lights "going their rounds" and so high was the standard of performance that the judges' job was not easy. Lord Ebrington, Mrs. Hilton Green, and Major Mansell Jackson were at it nearly all day. Needless to say the former came in for a good deal of chaff when his wife won the first event from seventy-six opponents. However, her performance was so outstanding that everyone agreed with the verdict. Mrs. Arthur Baillie's success in the ladies' class was equally popular, and the open competition went to Mr. "Gar" Emmet from Warwickshire.

\* \* \*

The Duke of Gloucester rode a lot of different horses and gave a specially good show. And Miss Malise Wilson was up on the Prince of Wales's entries. Though she is still in the schoolroom she has already won point-to-points and other horse sports against all comers.

In the children's class Lord Harrington rode his pony, Lady Eileen Clarke had a son and daughter competing, and Miss Cavanagh showed what the Cottessmore could do.

\* \* \*

There was a tremendous variety of neckwear, as usual in "unofficial" riding clothes; spots of course abounded, with backgrounds ranging from Miss Camilla Gurdon's dark blue to the pale yellow worn by Mrs. Charles Mills and Miss Susan Tilney. Miss Diana Fellowes belonged to the "shirt and tie" brigade, and her face was about the only one which did not seem to be affected by the wind. What a complexion to have! Mrs. George Paynter was on the safe side and left off her skirt in case it should hamper her if she fell.

Lord Blandford, who was only audience, defied the cold in his wonderful custard-coloured blanket coat. Sir Harold Nutting braved the elements as well; everyone was delighted to see him out and about again after his illness, and his Mastership of the Quorn is very popular. All his "field" seemed to be there in force, and the neighbouring Cottessmore and Belvoirites in such profusion that it would be far easier to say who was not present.

\* \* \*

The first recital given this year by Horowitz, the Russian pianist, aroused tremendous enthusiasm. He has real genius; that something more that cannot be described, and his playing at the Courtauld-Sargent concert last week was beyond criticism. I have never heard such exquisite delicacy of touch, and his interpretation of a very varied programme, which

included Liszt, Chopin, and Brahms, was fine and distinguished all through. He is one of the very few pianists who uses both his heart and his head. Fine and intellectual players like Schnabel and Lamond so often leave one impressed but unmoved. The audience on Tuesday night completely lost



LADY MARY STRICKLAND AND HER ELDER DAUGHTER

A snapshot taken at Cheltenham 'Chases' last week. Captain Strickland's decorative wife goes racing quite a lot and there is usually a large party at Apperley Court for the Cheltenham meetings. Miss Pamela Strickland was born in 1921. She has an older brother and a younger sister



—ALSO AT CHELTENHAM

Miss Constable Curtis and Major Stanley-Clarke concentrating on this 'chasing business. Major Stanley-Clarke is Gloucestershire's popular Chief Constable. He used to be in the Suffolk Regiment and lives at Down Hatherley

its British apathy, and positively shouted for more!

Among the serious music-lovers who came to hear him were Lord Morven Cavendish Bentinck, who plays very well himself, Lord Moore and Mr. Donaldson, the founders of the very successful Quartet Society, Miss Mary St. Clair Erskine, and Lady Ravensdale, who has just returned from a wonderful trip in America. She went down to Mexico, where she was taken everywhere and shown everything, and afterwards she went to stay in Hollywood with Marie Dressler.

\* \* \*

Lord and Lady Balmiel are back in London now at their house in Bryanston Place, the contents of which include some fine old Masters, a portrait of Lady Balmiel by Laszlo, the finest selection of gramophone records in the country, and a vast gramophone whose horn takes up the whole of one corner of the drawing room. Lady Balmiel has been staying with her mother at Holker where she had had a family party, and Miss Diana Cavendish will be

coming up to London from there very soon.

The Cavendish family is famous for being able to do most things well. Miss Cavendish skates beautifully and Lady Balmiel skis very well, and both she and Lady Cranborne have learnt to fly. By the way, I was told yesterday by a famous pilot that two country houses come under the forbidden areas over which one is not allowed to fly. One is Windsor Castle. The other is the Duke of Westminster's Cheshire home, Eaton Hall.—Yours ever, EVE.



# OUR WONDERFUL "BINNIE"

On left—  
AS JEANNETTE  
MACDONALD

On right—  
AS JESSIE  
MATTHEWS



BINNIE HALE AS YVONNE  
ARNAUD

AND AGAIN AS JESSIE  
MATTHEWS

The genius of Binnie Hale hardly needs any advertisement anywhere in this wide world, and it is true to say of her that she "makes" any show in which she is engaged. Her charm and her cleverness are all-compelling—a wonderful mimic, an equally wonderful little actress all round whom nothing defeats. The "Bow Bells" revue at the Hippodrome has passed its 150th performance and is still full of vitality and of the Hale family—as besides Binnie there is Pop—Bobbie. Jessie Matthews is Sonnie Hale's wife. Yvonne Arnaud is recovering from a somewhat serious operation at the moment, and her thousands of friends hope that she will have a speedy convalescence



Dorothy Wadding, Old Bond Street  
—AND BINNIE HER ATTRACTIVE SELF



# THE CINEMA

## An Obvious Remedy

By JAMES AGATE

MY article last week about the appalling financial state of the moving-picture industry in America and elsewhere has brought me a considerable amount of correspondence. One friendly soul puts this straight question: Is there any remedy, and if so, what? Let me say straight out, then, that there is a remedy. This is for the film-magnates to have a little better kind of trust in the taste of the audiences they are trying to please and a little less inclination to throw away grotesque and monstrous sums of money in the endeavour to satisfy a taste which, they insist, shall be more and more monstrous and grotesque. There is one quality the spending of which will never bankrupt any artist or even any purveyor of the work of artists, and that quality is imagination. Add to this the fact that a pennyworth of imagination is worth more and will go further than a pound of any conceivable or possible substitute. It is notorious that the interest re-created in the cinema by the advent of the talkies temporarily saved the industry from the results of a game of beggar-my-neighbour more colossal than any in the world's history except armaments. Now that the novelty is wearing off the talkies, the situation is back more or less where it was, and for an easily understandable reason. It is an ordinary thing for London theatre managers to put on a play so expensive that it cannot make any money in London if it plays to capacity for a year, and in the knowledge that a fortune will be made when, after the London run, one or more cheap companies are sent on tour. The West-End production is the sprat to catch the provincial mackerel. But the cinema industry has no second string since it produces straight away for the Middle West, which is the equivalent of our provinces, and produces at the most lavish and frightful cost. Now though the world in general may be able to absorb one of these monster pictures it cannot absorb them all, for to do so would require ten or more times the world's cinema-spending power. A competitive age can never be the age of pure reason, since reason would suggest that in 1932 each of, say four magnates should produce his monster picture, while next year it should be the turn of the next four. I suppose that there can be no greater competition than that among our great drapery stores, always provided that what look like competitors are not the same firm under different names. But all the stores put together have at least the sense to keep their production costs at a level which a normal distribution of custom will render profitable; in other words there is enough store-spending power among the people to make all the stores pay. What this means, of course, is that the competition of the stores is sane competition kept within the limits of the feasible, whereas film rivalry is insane rivalry outside the limits of the feasible.

The whole thing is just as nonsensical as the armaments business. But the world being mad it would always appear necessary to do competitive sums in millions. Let it be decided that A is entitled to a navy twice as big as B, while B may have an army twice as big as A, and it is obvious that the ships of both can be numbered in tens and the men in thousands. Whereas what happens is that the ships run into hundreds and the men into millions. It is just the same in the cinema world, which, if it chose, could limit the cost of its most expensive picture to, say £10,000. This would have satisfied the public if it had not been spoiled, and would still satisfy it after the diminishing shock of, say a couple of years. But because Mr. de Mille has shown us 30,000 men engulfed by the Red Sea, Messrs. Warner Bros. have to show us double the number expiring by the guillotine. Whereas hundreds would have sufficed and have produced just as great an effect if the camera-man had been an artist who knew his business. I do not imagine that René Clair and Pabst and Pudovkin throw away untold gold. Yet it is their pictures which to-day are causing the sensation. The magnate's answer to this is that these pictures are "precious," and that though they may draw the coteries they will not draw the big public to attract which half-millions must



MISS JANET MCGREW

Yevonde

One of the many attractive studies in the Yevonde Photographic Exhibition at the Albany Galleries, Sackville Street, which opens on April 25. Miss Janet McGrew is the young American actress who is well known on the English stage, principally in the late Edgar Wallace's plays. She is making her first film appearance in a British Picture, "His Lordship," now in the making at the Walton on Thames Studios

be spent. Whereupon they spend the half-million and find that the public doesn't come to that either! Their only shadow of excuse is that when the half-million expenditure coincides with the phenomenally entertaining picture—as was undoubtedly the case with *Congress Dances* and *Hell Divers*—the public is unanimous and the hit is made. But there must always be far more misses than there can be hits, and since if all the misses were hits there is not enough money in the public purse to support them we are back at the old position, which is that in the endeavour to secure a lucky hit as against competitors the entire industry is virtually bankrupt. This is not business but gambling, naked insane gambling.

Now as to the point whether the public, even the cinema public, would be interested in films on which brains have been spent instead of money. Curiously enough, when my correspondent's letter arrived I was reading Mr. Shaw's reprinted dramatic criticism at the point where he was discussing the new sceptical spirit in the theatre of the 'nineties. He went on: "This is an inevitable reaction against the artificialities, insincerities, and impossibilities which form about three-fourths of the stock-in-trade of those playwrights who seek safety and success in the assumption that it is impossible to underrate the taste and intelligence of the British public. But there is a profound error in this policy. . . . The fact is, there is nothing the public despises so much as an attempt to please it. The artist's rule must be Cromwell's: 'Not what they want, but what is good for them.' That rule, carried out in a kindly and sociable way, is the secret to success in the long run at the theatre as elsewhere." "Elsewhere" includes the cinema, and I believe that what has always been true of the theatre will be true of the cinema, to wit, that even film taste is not as low as film magnates suppose. If the raising of the film is done with discretion I do not believe in the existence of the film-fan who would say to his girl: "A bit too blinkin' high-brow, what do you say if we chuck the Magnolia?" I believe on the contrary that he and his girl would enjoy themselves better. What happens now is that only those are continuing to go to the cinema who cannot get out of the cinema habit, and even these titter. I had intended to write about Mr. Lonsdale's *Lovers Courageous* at the Empire. I found, however, that the story, though as old as *Masks and Faces*, was not so good, and that the dialogue was infinitely less witty. Mr. Robert Montgomery is a capital actor for whom it would seem that even Mr. Lonsdale cannot write a leading rôle. There were some young people in the picture whom Mr. Fred Kerr played not only out of the screen but out of the theatre.





Crumpton

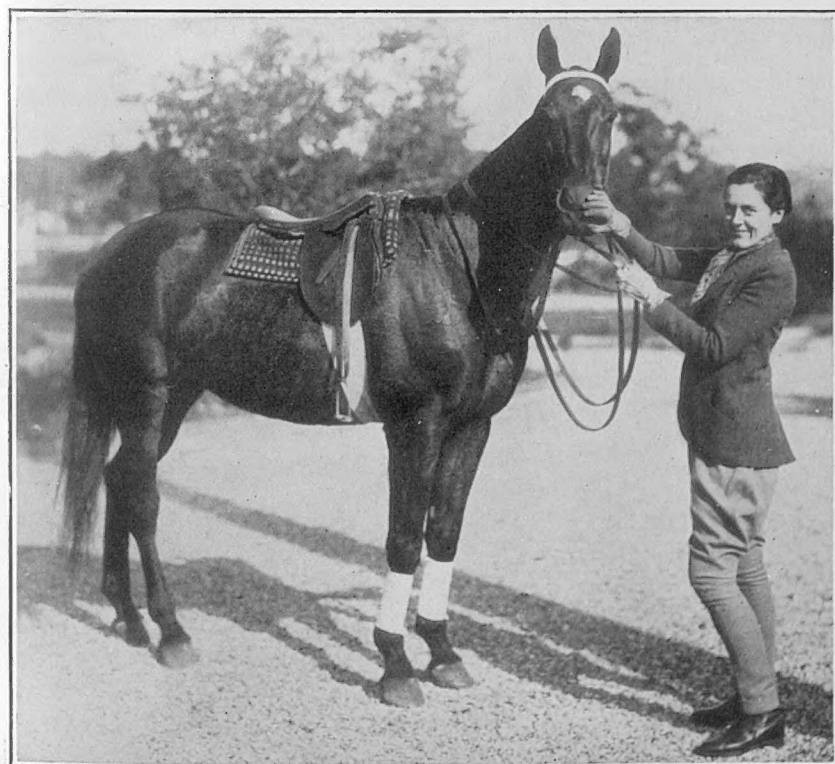
AT THE TARPORLEY HUNT STEEPLECHASES

SIR THOMAS AND LADY ROYDEN BETWEEN RACES  
AT TARPORLEY

SIR PHILIP GREY-EGERTON

MR. TOLLEMACHE, CAPTAIN FRANCIS  
HAYHURST, AND MR. A. V. MATESON

There is no such thing now as the Tarporley Hunt, but the old Tarporley Hunt Club still survives, as does the much-coveted green collar, and its G.H.Q. are still at the old Blue Cap Inn in Tarporley, named after that famous Cheshire bitch whose picture is on the old sign-board. The laws of the Tarporley Club are known to some people, but not to many. The penalty in leather hunting breeches upon any member getting married was a pretty heavy one, and perhaps is still. Sir Philip Grey-Egerton's beautiful house, Oulton Park, was totally destroyed by the disastrous fire in 1926, in which six people lost their lives. Sir Thomas Royden is a director of the Cunard Line and well-known with the Cheshire hounds, now divided into two packs yet once again. It is a very big country so far as acres go



LADY PATRICIA RUSSELL AT DOMAINE DES CHARMETTE, ANTIBES,  
ON THE RIVIERA



O'Brien

FISHING IN IRELAND: SIR MATHEW WILSON AND  
CAPTAIN J. H. HIRSCH

Lady Patricia Russell, who is a daughter of the fourth Marquess of Dufferin, has just had her first novel published, and the title she has chosen is "The Heartless Traveller." Lady Patricia herself has done a good deal of travelling, and has been on a "station" in New Zealand, and afterwards went on the stage in a musical comedy company in Melbourne, Australia, taking the stage name of "Pamela Dartrey," and after that she came to London and played in Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella." She left the stage on her marriage to Mr. Henry Russell in 1926, and they have this charming house at Antibes, where the picture was taken. Sir Mathew Wilson, who is killing salmon somewhere near Fermoy, is the well-known race-horse owner and ex-10th Hussar. Captain Hirsch, who is in the 13/18th Hussars, now at Sialkot, is home on a spot of leave



# RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL"

By

"GUARDRAIL"

LINGFIELD last Thursday was rather uninteresting except for the winning début of Lord Rosebery's two-year-old, Bloater, which, opening a raging favourite, won his race by a narrow margin in a sleep walk. Liking a good deal the way this extremely idle horse won without ever being asked to do anything, and thinking that to go upsides with my fellow pressmen the personal note must be struck, I interviewed his Lordship, who was the soul of courtesy, at Newbury. He told me that he had intended giving the horse a run and then putting him away till a four-year-old to make into a hunter. Knowing the sort of cattle it is essential to ride in order to live with the Whaddon, I backed him to win again at Newmarket with a penalty, and should cub-hunting not interfere with his career will do so again. This race, the Fitzwilliam Stakes, was the best two-year-old race we have so far seen. Kyles of Bute was very unlucky to be only second, and the third, Complacent, from Stanley House, was well fancied.

The Greenham Stakes at Newbury showed us Orwell for the first time this year. Pretty fairly straight in condition, he won his race on rather dead going in the face of half a gale, but did he win it as he should, or didn't he? For seven furlongs he raced with his head on one side, and it was as much as Bobby Jones could do to hold him, and when allowed to stride on he came out and won without being ridden or touched, but he didn't give me the impression that he could have pulled out much more whatever had been done to him. He is such a free goer that he may be a difficult horse to ride at Epsom, and if it is at all hard he may not be able to act any better than he did on his last outing there. His best races have been run in front all the way, and if his stamina, of which we know nothing, matches his blinding speed, he will win the Derby, but it doesn't seem to be a walk-over. The Guineas he should surely win. Firdausi, who can be made fitter, has grown into a fine individual, but the rest did not count for much.

Abbots Worthy and Gordon Richards put up a good show in the Cup. In a disagreement at the gate the horse got loose and completed the course, as did his jockey by car and on foot. Being reunited they returned to the post, and in the event won fairly comfortably. Postobit ran particularly well in this for seven furlongs. Were it not for the unimpeachable veracity of the lady who told me I should be unable to believe that a rather distraught trainer of the younger school, while saddling a hot favourite in the presence of a "laidfriend," subconsciously washed out her mouth instead of the horse's, which possibly helped to lose him the race. An older trainer would not have made the mistake, but force of habit is everything.

Backing winners is not the only way of "getting out," as witness the effort of a friend of mine who after a "stinker" at Newbury on the Friday hotly contested an argument at dinner on the dangers of moving staircases. Money talks and a sum equal to half his losings was staked that he wouldn't walk down one backwards, and doubled if he would do it blindfold without holding. A welter of vintage port was very naturally circulated in his direction as soon as the agreement was ratified, but taking the life of his immaculate Scholte garments in both hands he walked blindfold and backwards down the moving staircase at the Piccadilly tube station at 11.30 p.m. to the plaudits of the returning suburban playgoers.

Last Parade, another Newbury two-year-old winner trained by "Dick" Dawson and running in his name, beat the Aga Khan's Aidetta with some ease and is fairly useful in this class. The horse is raced in partnership with Lord Nunburnholme, but judging by the way the market went, not much money changed hands over the race. There did not seem to be any particularly valid reason why this horse drawn about 6 should start from about 28. In unwieldy fields it is impossible for the starter to check the position from which every horse starts, but it would be interesting to know what the result would be of an objection to a horse for starting from an exaggeratedly wrong position.

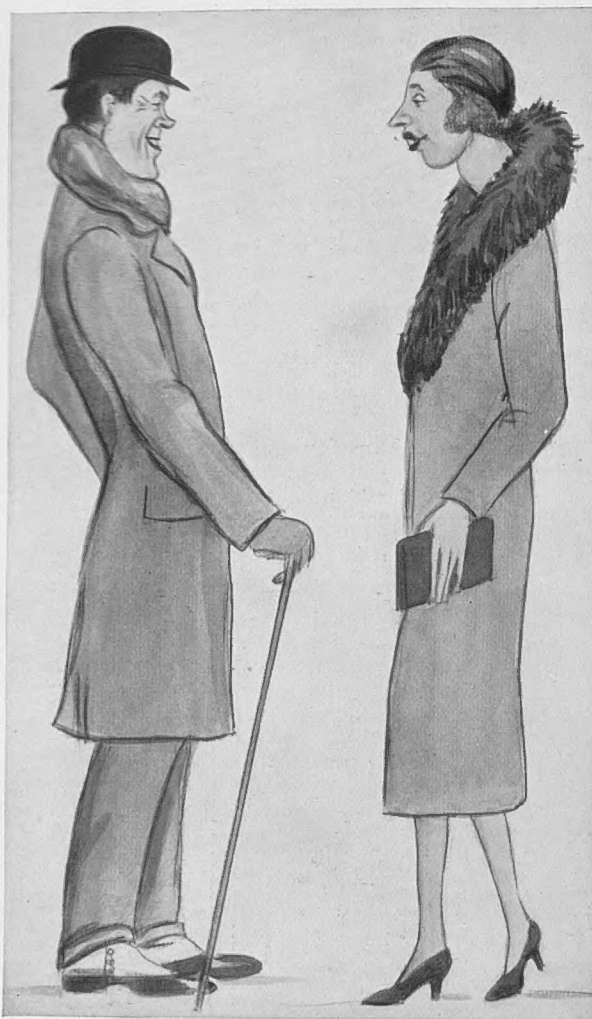
Anyone who cares to walk on to the course at Newbury can see at a glance that in big fields those starting from the small numbers suffer from an incalculable handicap, assessed by some at 10 lbs. It is the same with the large numbers at Epsom, the ill-luck of the draw on the sprint course makes winning practically impossible.

The first day's racing at Newmarket is always rather an event, and one takes off one's hat to "The Ditch" *en passant*, with fervent hopes of a good year. The Tuesday was rather a quiet day, distinguished chiefly by the evergreen Jugo winning the Swaffham Plate at an outsider's price. One ought always to back this most genuine old warrior in races of this class, whatever weight he may be set to carry. In the Ashley Stakes, Canteener, thought by some to be the best two-year-old out to date, went under by a head to Stag Lane, and was said to be unlucky. I missed seeing the start but thought that C. Richards's finish, standing in one stirrup, made him very liable to miss his blow every now and then, and wasn't likely to produce the best results.

Wednesday was the most interesting day of the meeting, the much-talked-of Violator winning the Wood Ditton, but not with any very great ease, and he doesn't seem up to Derby form. He has grown into rather a nice horse, a trifle on the leg, and not quite the best of colours. Cockpen appeared in the Column Produce, and there is no doubt he has grown into a beautiful horse. In the paddock it looked hardly fair on the others to run them against him, but in the race—though well enough placed—he either couldn't or wouldn't accelerate at the finish. He blew very little after the race and was quite far enough forward in condition to have won if he was good enough or genuine enough, but Margeritta—his dam—was jady and Florence Dombey, one of her daughters, was a by-word for dishonesty, and it maybe that Cockpen is the same. I will not have him for the Derby, anyway.

Clustine ran in the Severals, and though perhaps still a trifle on the big side, there was not much amiss with him. He is not a very taking horse and is on the leg. P. Beasley didn't seem to be at all happy on him in the race for the horse hung and sprawled, and it was only in the last few yards that he began really to lay himself down and gallop. He is inclined to be a slow starter and is a big, difficult horse to ride, but he has an enormous stride and ran on like a stayer. The race was won by Dorigen, a most charming filly in every way, and it is a pity she is not in the classics. Winalone, who looked beautiful and ran well, is an all-quality greyhound sort and might have a chance in the One Thousand.

For the City and Suburban Light o' Love, who was at least second best in the Rosebery Stakes, is an ideal light-actioned Epsom horse.



LORD AND LADY DURHAM

The connection of Lord Durham's family with the turf is too well known to need any stressing. One of his uncles is the famous Newmarket trainer, the Hon. George Lambton of Stanley House. His principal patrons, as of yore, are Lord Derby and Mrs. Arthur James



# THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY HUNT RACES



WELL UP: LADY WINIFRED CECIL



HOMeward BOUND

The Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter's elder daughter occupying an exalted position at the Woodland Pytchley bona fide hunt meeting held at Dingley near Market Harborough. A good view of the proceedings was well worth while for the racing was first class. In addition to the Woodland Pytchley Hunt Race and Open Nomination Race, the card included the Fernie Hunt Race and Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race and Lightweight Race

Captain A. C. Edmonstone coming in after riding in the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race, which was run in a downpour of rain. The popular Joint Master of the Fernie did not have a particularly inspiring day, for he actually finished last in this event, and in the Fernie Hunt Race his Jack XVI positively refused to face the third obstacle. However such disappointments are all in the game where racing is concerned



LORD AND LADY CARDIGAN



SIR LEONARD BRASSEY AND HIS WIFE

The Squire of Apethorpe Hall and Lady Violet Brassey were two of the many Northamptonshire notabilities who attended the Woodland Pytchley Hunt Races. Sir Leonard Brassey was Member for the Peterborough Division for many years. Lord Beatty thoroughly enjoyed the day and had the satisfaction of seeing his younger son, the Hon. Peter Beatty, finish second in the Fernie Hunt Race on The Abbott. Lord Cardigan, the racing motorist, is the Marquess of Ailesbury's only son



LORD BEATTY AND HIS YOUNGER SON

Photographs by Bale



# With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

Albert the Better-than-they-Knew.

IT has been truly said, perhaps, that the man who marries a rich wife has to work hard for his living. That whatever he gets he earns and whatever he earns he has to pay back. But I don't know if I quite believe it. After all, you've got to work for anything you earn in marriage, however placed, and the trouble is that so many husbands and wives start off with the belief that they've earned whatever they may get merely by the fact of saying "I will" in some church or registrar's office. Whatever the Church may say marriage doesn't start as a spiritual communion though it may end as such. It all depends upon the husband and wife, and "Heaven" has nothing whatever to do with it until much later. Still, if it be true that the man who marries a rich wife earns whatever he may get she, too, has all her "tact" cut out for her if she would make the business a success. And it must be trebly more difficult for both when the woman is a Queen and the man a Consort. Once again reading the life—and one of the very best I have ever read—of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, namely Mr. Hector Bolitho's "Albert the Good" (Cobden-Sanderson, 25s.), I am again struck by the fact that no man had a more difficult position to occupy; and no man could surely have filled it so successfully, not only for England, but also for England through the character of Queen Victoria. What I especially like about Mr. Bolitho's book is that it deals almost exclusively with the *private* life of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert so far as the private life of any husband and wife can ever be told. This he has been able to do because of discovery of the long series of letters which the Prince wrote during his married life in England to his elder brother, Ernest, in Germany. The two brothers were far more to each other than merely brothers, and in these letters the Prince opens his heart more freely than it would have been possible for him to do to any friend, however intimate. Thus we catch a glimpse of that second and real life which he led within himself, and which could not have been revealed even to his wife, and this for obvious reasons. The Prince was in many ways a solitary man. He was a devoted husband, a good father, but between his own mental longings and those of Queen Victoria there lay the gulf of almost complete failure to meet on the same level. The Queen was no intellectual. She had no real understanding of art, or literature, or music. The Prince loved these things. The world is apt to blame him for the Crystal Palace, for the Albert Hall, even—strangely enough—for the Albert Memorial! forgetting that his taste was of his times, and that, according to those times, he did at any rate seek to cultivate taste. On the other hand he was a prude, which Queen Victoria by nature assuredly



LADY CONYERS ON BELTON

*From the picture by Nina Colmore*

Lady Conyers is the wife of Lord Conyers, Lord Yarborough's son and heir, and as the hunting world of Leicestershire knows, one of the best women to hounds in England, and she is also, by the way, one of the few who look really right riding astride. Mrs. Horace Colmore's portraits of well-known people and well-known horses have made her world-famous, and few artists paint better than she does

thus sharing, was merged into sympathy. Yet, when all is said and done, he filled one of the most difficult positions which surely any man can be called upon to occupy with tact and dignity, and with great good to his adopted country. Those who understood him appreciated his worth, and those who didn't—well, what is their opinion ever worth, anyway, to any of us? The difficulty of this position and the success he made of it is admirably revealed by Mr. Bolitho in his very competent and very interesting book. But especially for the fact that it makes the private life of Victoria and Albert so sympathetic and so vivid is the book very unusually interesting and picturesque. Incidentally, the few illustrations in it are an entertainment in themselves. They are so perfectly "Victorian" in their mixture of bathos and happy valentine. Rather like a picture before which I, myself, was brought up—an engraving representing the happy family life of the royal couple, with the Queen in white satin standing with her hand on the Prince's shoulder, while two children played about among dead pheasants and rabbits strewn carelessly on the carpet of some sumptuous drawing-room in the palace. Well, who knows, we may one day cease to be angry and merely laugh at Epstein? Some have begun to do so already.

\* \* \*

## A Novel of Real Charm.

It is always a popular theme, this story of a neglected woman who finds freedom for herself for a little time, and during that freedom blossoms into a person of unexpected charm because in her hour of emancipation she fell in love. It is the theme of Mr. Donald Stewart's new novel, "Ferne" (Donald Harmsworth, 7s. 6d.), but he has decked it out with an originality of treatment and of charm which makes it a story that endears itself to you, not only while you are reading it, but in your memory long afterwards. Once read, you will in a little while

(Continued on p. 100)



MR. ALEC WAUGH

The famous novelist and ex-soldier. Mr. Waugh was eighteen when the War started, and was gazetted out of Sandhurst to the Dorsetshire Regiment in 1917. He was made a prisoner of War in 1918. His first book, "The Loom of Youth," was published in 1917, and was followed very quickly by a book of poems in 1918. The picture was taken at Easton Court Hotel, Devon



## A DIE-HARD!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"I likes the old-fashioned beer-can best, Mrs. Green, since the day the jug-'andle broke and I lost a 'ole pint.  
It don't always pay to be genteel!"

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

want to read it again. The remarkable thing about it is that he has taken a lot of commonplace characters and treated them so sympathetically and so often humorously that you become as interested in their doings and sayings as if they were those remarkable human specimens about whom so many authors write, simply because they are so easy to write about. Even Elizabeth, the heroine, is one of those dullish, sweet little women whom the psychologists ignore simply because they appear to suffer from an obvious repression and that kind of thing. Yet, she is a dear. We meet her first of all living with her mother in a narrow-minded, conventional English village, the kind of village which knows so much about its neighbours' affairs, so much more, indeed, than they know about them themselves, with no vision beyond an entirely restricted horizon. Then she inherits a small income and on it goes to live in Switzerland, taking a room in a cheap hotel in Ferney. Freedom from her nagging parent, nice clothes to wear, fresh faces, fresh surroundings, all help to turn her from a rather frumpish woman into a radiant one, while still retaining her sweetness, her quiet common sense. She is not an intellectual; she is not clever. In many ways she is just a nice child, and yet her attraction grows upon you quickly. Even the married man, Mark, an elderly, unattractive author, with whom Elizabeth falls in love is no more superficially interesting than all the other people staying in the hotel, and yet you grow to like him, simply because you get to know him; just as you get to know all the other characters and are interested in them for the same reason. Mark, however, is one of those men who don't object to coming near the precipice of an "affair," as long as he doesn't fall over the edge. Elizabeth, however, almost falls in love with him without quite realizing the why and wherefore of her desire for his company. An absurd scandal in the hotel, however, precipitates her into a mild indiscretion, but this brings Mark up with a jerk and he resists her advances. There appears on the scene after this Mark's grown-up son, and now Elizabeth has herself to flee from temptation. Beyond this there is little more in the slight story, but it holds definite charm all the same. The people who come and go, the philosophical Victor who tends them like a flock, each one is a person definitely alive and so interesting; although you might pass them in the street without realizing that they were anything more vital than the usual crowd—always in outward appearance so inordinately plain and dull. In fact, for real charm, for sincerity, and for a tenderness curiously moving, "Ferney" is a novel which it is a joy to read.

## Fun in the Down-Lift.

What I always enjoy in the books of Stephen Leacock, as I enjoyed in P. G. Wodehouse's new book, "Louder and Funnier" (Faber and Faber, 7s. 6d.), is that he brings ideals and ideas down, so to speak, to the basement floor, there to be

inspected without reverence for what they are worth in common-sense. For ideas and ideals can get "upish" just as people can, and a little common levelling brings all of them down to life as it is and facts as they are. They are the better for it. Mr. Wodehouse's book doesn't get very far away from the louder and funnier articles of a magazine article, but it is most amusing from beginning to end. I like, for example, this paragraph on Christmas presents: "The first rule in buying Christmas presents is to select something shiny. If the chosen object is of leather, the leather must look as if it had been well greased; if of silver, it must gleam with the light that never was on sea or land. This is because the warriest person will often mistake shininess for expensiveness. A shiny pocket-book will often get by where a duller gift of twice its value would be received with sneers." And this on the Income Tax: "Filling in the

Income-Tax forms has kindled again all the old spirit of love and family affection. How differently nowadays the head of the house regards his wife and children! Many a man has spent years wondering why on earth he ever linked his lot with a woman whom he has disliked from the moment they stepped out of the Lord Warden Hotel at Dover, and a gang of boys and girls who seemed to grow more repulsive every day, gratefully revises his views as he scans Schedule D. His wife may be a nuisance about the home, but she comes out strong when it is a question of Married Man's Exemption. And the children! As the father looks at their hideous faces, and reflects that he is entitled to knock off a nice little sum per gargoyles, the austerity of his demeanour softens, and he pats them on the head and talks vaguely about jam for tea." Yes, undoubtedly life will be much louder and much funnier after reading Mr. Wodehouse's new book.

## "Film" Figures.

There are certain people who seem to live under the impression that someone somewhere is "filming" them to make a "talkie." They speak, think, and act only for effect, and invariably that effect is insufferably boring. In "The Coast of Illusion" (John Lane, 7s. 6d.), Mr. Douglas Goldring has given us a kind of guide book to the haunts of these people while disguising it as a sort of novel. "The Coast of Illusion" is the Riviera, and towards it goes Olivia Vayne, just divorced by her husband, who was luckier than he knew. With her goes Freddie, who if not a gigolo actually, had a gigolo "soul," and was just about as interesting as an elegant dummy. They get on very well together. Freddie becomes Olivia's lover, and together they find their "Heaven" in love-making, gambling, sunbathing, and dancing. It is all very bathing-beauty-ish, but not the least bit "sensational." That human type never does really sensational things. They are always far too self-satisfied in their futilities. Nevertheless, as a guide-picture to the futile side of life on the Riviera the book is interesting, especially if for that kind of life you go to the Riviera, or are "simply dying" to do so.



"How would you like to have a trip, boy?"

"No sah, me stay on terrah firmah—de more firmah de less terrah!"



## A NOTABLE OCCASION IN WORCESTER



## THE PRESENTATION TO ALDERMAN HUBERT ALOYSIUS LEICESTER, J.P.

A page of personalities from Worcester upon a very notable occasion when a dual function happened, the presentation of the freedom of the City of Worcester to Alderman Hubert Aloysius Leicester, and the presentation of a banqueting set to the City by the Worcester Royal Porcelain Works. Alderman H. A. Leicester has been three times Mayor of Worcester, and he signed the Roll of Honorary Freemen in the presence of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors, and the Right Hon. the Lord-Lieutenant of the County. The first honorary freeman of the City of Worcester was Lord Nelson, 1802; a more recent one was the Right Hon. Mr. Stanley Baldwin, 1923. The Ancient Oath was administered to Alderman Leicester by the Town Clerk

# SOME HUNTER TRIALS AND THE BAR 'CHASES



MISS MALISE WILSON AT THE  
MELTON HUNTER TRIALS



THE MELTON HUNTER TRIALS: THE DUKE OF  
GLOUCESTER AND LORD BLANDFORD



MR. T. J. O'CONNOR, K.C., AT THE  
BAR POINT-TO-POINT



MISS KING-TURNER'S AMPHIBIAN AT THE UNITED HUNTS' SHOW  
AT THORNHILL LAST WEEK

The trouble about jumping open water is that it usually ends in a swim if one of the partners' changes his or her, or its, mind. It is as easy as kissing your hand if the steed really means having it. Miss King-Turner's dock-tailed pony obviously preferred getting wet. The Melton Hunter Trials, at which H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester was competing, took place over a course at the Army Remount Depot, Melton. Miss Malise Wilson, who is a daughter of the Hon. Guy and Mrs. Wilson, Lord Nunburnholme's uncle and aunt, is riding the kind of steed we all like to meet, but are not always lucky enough! He belongs to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Mr. T. J. O'Connor, K.C., won the Bar Heavy-weight Race on his own Niger at the Pegasus Club Point-to-Point, and the picture is one that tells its own story very convincingly





LADY CAROLINE PAGET

*Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street*

A recent portrait of the eldest of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey's five daughters and the eldest of the family. There is only one son, the Earl of Uxbridge, who was born in 1922 and is nine years younger than his eldest sister and the twin of his youngest one, Lady Katharine. Lady Caroline Paget was one of last season's prettiest débutantes. Lord Anglesey was in the Blues; he has been Lord Chamberlain to Her Majesty the Queen's Household since 1922. Lady Anglesey is a sister of the present Duke of Rutland and of Lady Violet Benson and Lady Diana Cooper, who has surpassed even her best performance in the part of the Madonna by her present one in the magnificent production of "The Miracle" at the Lyceum

# "ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE"

By  
ALAN BOTT



A CONNOISSEUR IN SILK STOCKINGS: MR. FRANK VOSPER WATCHES MISS DORICE FORDRED'S STEPS TOWARDS EMANCIPATION FROM THE POLISH PEASANTRY



LOUD SHIRTS AND TOO-RESPLENDENT SHOES: MR. FINLAY CURRIE AS THE VERY AMERICAN OIL AGENT

AN unstarred play by a new author has nowadays about as much chance of jumping immediately into success as an insurance-clerk has of suddenly becoming a world-famous figure. The odds, however, can be overcome, and Mr. Sherriff's unassuming presence among us bears evidence of it. I do not know the profession of Mr. Ronald Mackenzie, who wrote *Musical Chairs*, but it seems that he, like Mr. Sherriff, has done the next to the impossible. He has provided an emotional contact, as well as a first play that is compact with drama deriving from bare truth; and the public's table-talk, which does more for a good production than any amount of publicity, seems to be filling the Criterion Theatre.

I judge its box-office fortune partly from my experience on its seventh night. My seats were the last in the last row of stalls. Two plump ladies in the front row of the pit (which was also packed) constituted themselves the *commères* for all of us around them. One of them, half-way through the third act, demanded from the other, "But why do they call it 'Musical Chairs'?" Is it because Joseph is always playing the piano?" The other answered, "I dunno. He's a bit of a dirty dog, that one, but he kind of gets you going. But nothing much happens."

That nothing much happens is one reason why Mr. Mackenzie's play will not provoke the furore

that hit *Journey's End* like a kick from a mule (another reason is his background of a Polish oilfield, which hardly sounds inspiring in London). But that, despite these handicaps, the characters please the crowd, as well as the discerning, proves remarkable merit.

An old boy, an Englishman who is the G.O.M. of Galician oil, is waiting with his family to discover whether the drilling on his land will bring bankruptcy or a gusher. He strikes oil, and the family leaves with a big cheque. In the meantime, his son by an earlier marriage has been drowned after making love to the fiancée of the wife's son by an earlier marriage. So much for the plot, which sounds like Tchekov and -soda. It matters hardly at all, except as clockwork for the bright merry-go-round of character that turns in the silly living-room of the Schindlers' house in Poland.

Joseph, the old man's son, is the mainspring. Wounded in the war after air-bombing to smithereens various Germans, including his own best girl, he is a one-lunged sceptic who jeers at life's lack of meaning whenever he is not trying to find one through banging out Bach and Beethoven. He uses his detachment to hurt others with less intelligence, but himself most of all. Step-sister Mary, food in her hand and (she is no kind of blood relation) curdled love in her eyes, follows Joseph around



"THE OLD COW": OR MR. SCHINDLER'S EMINENTLY WELL-DESERVED CROSS (MISS AMY VENESS)





"MOTHER'S LITTLE SARDINE": MR. JACK LIVESSEY STRUTS OUT INTO THE RAIN AND OIL-FIELD

like a yearning *vache* that needs to be milked but expects to be kicked. Step-brother Geoffrey, as both the stepmother's darling and a futile fellow in his own right, is Joseph's special butt. And Ireen, Geoffrey's affianced from America, finds her hard-boiled Broadway body subjected by Joseph to something that is nearer to love of male humanity than anything she has felt before.

Only Anna, the pert little Polish servant who becomes the elder Schindler's mistress, and calls Mrs. Schindler an old cow, is beyond range of Joseph's cruelty and attraction. For her, the essence of life is to look like Lady Lie-cess-terr in *The Tatler*, and to marry, instead of some Polish peasant, a Frenchman with lovely flowing moustaches. Old man Schindler, a faun-like sensualist with a liking for bosoms and the quiet groves of existence, is never hurt by Joseph alive; but his immunity, like himself, is broken at last by the death of the bitter son whom he has loved most in the world.

For the rest, a horrid American wanders in and out with increasing offers to buy the oil-well. Geoffrey, with top-boots and mackintosh, continually exits into and enters from the rain, collecting so much oil-spattering that Joseph calls him Mother's little sardine. Joseph snatches angrily at Ireen's provocation to passion, but rushes into the river to save the sheep-like Mary, when her thwarting has driven her into attempted suicide. And the old man, leaving for home with his fortune, gently closes the

piano that is the last reminder.

"Poor old goat!" came from the pit when the final curtain fell. "Never mind," was the answer; "I bet he'll have a good time with the fillies in London." Which indicated that we were enough interested to wish to take the characters beyond the theatre; and that is one test of a convincing play.

But again, why "Musical Chairs"? The two *commères* behind were still left speculating. The answer can be given through description of a gymkhana seen at some hunter trials. A wet field, grey skies, six chairs a hundred yards apart, a band beating tum-ti-tum its merry-go-round tune, loud and faint

according to the wind's mood; and seven children riding round at a half-canter. Their eyes range among the six chairs, which must be scrambled for when the band stops, since one rider will be left outside. They all want to keep their place and win something, except one odd boy who canters carelessly, like an embryo cowboy. It is he, with his grace and quick flourishes, who gives the main interest to such of the spectators as are not parents of the other riders.

The band stops. The careless competitor is sufficiently alert to reach either of two chairs in time, but he does not mind enough. With a last defiant flourish he withdraws, thus saving from elimination a dumpy girl who has lost her head. The spectators then drift away, for the competition is reduced to revolutions by six ordinary brats, whose own zest has also been diminished through the loss of their star performer. Thus Joseph and the rest.

I want to recommend this play to the normal play-goer; so, in case the above seems at all morbid, let me add that the production teems with suspense, and with a humour which is not lessened by being sardonic. It is the kind of humour that springs naturally from interplay of character, and that therefore cannot be reproduced in a critic's notice.

This play by an unknown author is vivid, credible, well-knit, economical in dialogue, but sensitive with fine understanding. A surprising thing, since it is a first play, is that all the characters should give such splendid opportunity for acting. The acting itself is quite remarkably good, with special reference to Mr. John Gielgud, who represents Joseph with tautly

SHEEP'S EYES AND DINNER-GONG: MISS MARGARET WEBSTER AS MARY THE YEARNER

nervous brilliance; to Mr. Frank Vosper for his delicious old man; to Miss Carol Goodner for her American *demi-vierge*, and to Miss Dorice Fordred, whose Anna is a tiny masterpiece. But all these, presumably, would admit that their parts are excellently "actable," and that it would be hard to perform them without merit.

How much of the rich result may be due to the gr-eat Komisarjevsky, as producer, is difficult to assess, since the trinity of play, production, and performance blend into such a well-polished unit. Meanwhile, whatever the analysis of praise for preparation, its finished result becomes an entertainment that is vital with human nature.



Go slow but come hither: Mr. John Gielgud is distracted from Beethoven by Miss Carol Goodner's inclination for experience





LORD LONDONDERRY AND H.E. THE  
DUKE OF ABERCORN AT BALLYHAFT



H.E. THE DUCHESS OF ABERCORN  
AND (LEFT) MRS. OSCAR HENDERSON

## IN ULSTER

The County Down Staghounds  
Point-to-Point at Ballyhaft



THE JUDGE, CAPTAIN HERBERT DIXON, M.P.,  
WITH HIS DAUGHTER, MISS P. DIXON

At the County Down Staghounds Point-to-Point, held at Ballyhaft, near Newtownards, everyone appeared to be in particularly good spirits, in spite of hailstorms and a gale of wind. Their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn came over from Government House, Hillsborough, and Lord and Lady Londonderry brought a party from Mount Stewart, which is close to the course. The Secretary of State for Air, as Starter, had plenty to do, and Lady Londonderry gave a good finish to the occasion by presenting the awards



THE HON. MARY WARD



LADY LONDONDERRY

The Hon. Mary Ward, whose mother, Lady Bangor, is standing beside her in the above snapshot, achieved a very fine feat at Ballyhaft. Though she was the only woman rider in the Adjacent Hunts' Race, she was first past the post on Nicolette. Lord Bangor is Speaker of the Senate in the Northern Ireland Parliament. In the group on the right Lady Clanwilliam is seen with her only son and younger daughter. Lady Janet Montgomerie is the second daughter of Lord Eglinton and Winton

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

Captain Herbert Dixon, O.B.E., M.P., who is Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Finance in the Northern Ireland Parliament, is equally well known as a racehorse owner and first-rate sportsman. He held the important post of adjudicator at the County Down Staghounds Point-to-Point, and this photograph shows him in the judge's "box." The wild weather did not succeed in spoiling some excellent racing. Mrs. Oscar Henderson (see top centre) is the wife of Commander Henderson, Private Secretary to the Governor-General of Northern Ireland



LORD GILLFORD, WITH HIS MOTHER AND SISTER, LADY CLANWILLIAM  
AND LADY ELIZABETH MEADE, AND (LEFT) LADY JANET MONTGOMERIE



## WEEK-ENDING AT WEST WYCOMBE



LADY LINDSAY-HOGG AND  
SIR JOHN DASHWOOD



SIR JOHN AND LADY DASHWOOD'S HOUSE PARTY

The names are (left to right and up and down the picture): Mr. John Loder, Lady Mount Temple; (behind) Mr. Wagge; (below) Mrs. Redmond McGrath; (behind her) Commander Redmond McGrath; (behind him at back), Sir John Dashwood. (In front) Lady Lindsay-Hogg and Lady Scarsdale. (Behind them) Lord Mount Temple, Lord Donegall, Mrs. Fitz Randolph, Lord Scarsdale and Lady Dashwood and A. N. Other at the back unidentified



A VIEW OF WEST WYCOMBE PARK

West Wycombe Park, in Bucks, Sir John Dashwood's seat, is one of the most attractive and comfortable houses in a county that can boast a few competitors, and so badly behaved weather such as we have been inflicted with is not such a handicap as otherwise it might be. Sir John Dashwood, who was in the Diplomatic Service, served with a battalion of the Argylls and also with Tanks during the war. He is the 10th Baronet, and Lady Dashwood is a daughter of the late Lt-Col. Vernon Eaton, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery. They have got two sons and a daughter, the heir, Francis, having been born in 1925



LADY DASHWOOD, COMMANDER REDMOND McGRATH,  
AND LADY MOUNT TEMPLE



MRS. BERNADOTTE—THE BEAUTIFUL WIFE OF PRINCE LENNART OF SWEDEN

The former Miss Karin Nissvandt was married in London to Prince Lennart, who is a son of H.R.H. Prince William of Sweden, Duke of Sudermania. The marriage to a commoner was opposed by the bridegroom's parents, but this situation has been happily terminated. King Gustav of Sweden was the principal opposer

WELL, we have had our little twenty-four-hour theatrical strike, Très Cher! Paris with the lid on was like the London Sunday evenings of my youth. . . . Soul-depressing! It was worth while, however, for if it only cost various theatre managers a few thousands (francs understood) individually it came to the damned total of over a million and a half non-collectable taxes that the State can set down as a dead loss! Not so bad, sez I, and may it larn 'em—those who govern us so badly—to keep their promises another time. Meanwhile, we have had three quite interesting new plays this week. A light and improbable (but entertaining) comedy by André Birabeau at the Théâtre Michel; André-Paul Antoine's satirico-Politico-dramatico-what-not at the Théâtre Antoine; and *Chambre d'Hôtel*, by Pierre Rocher, a new-comer, at the Théâtre Montparnasse, where Gaston Baty now holds his *assises*. The latter, as the title suggests, is a realistic affair in umpteen *tableaux*. In point of fact there were eleven, but there might just as well have been twenty. Each *tableau*, in turn, might have served for the theme of a complete play, and indeed we might still be sitting in the theatre with the source of inspiration still before us. Farce, tragedy, comedy *ad libitum* follow each other with no co-relation, punctuated by the fall of a neutral-tinted velvet curtain and the flick of a feather duster. The stage set is the same throughout the play; the hotel servants and a few of the guests appear before the curtain which suggests the hotel corridor, and serves to divide one incident from the other. Anything can happen in a provincial hotel bed-room, but I suggest that the *faits-divers* chosen by Pierre Rocher could equally well have occurred elsewhere. The elderly mistress who kills the *gigolo* who proposes to take himself and his favours elsewhere. The postulant Beauty Queen, all diffidence and chocolate-box sweetness before the news of her election comes, all tin-foil wrapped almond-toffee hardness afterwards! The youth who—for the first time—throws his B.V.D.'s over the windmills and becomes sentimental on the hired girl's shoulder. The two couples—excellent comedy this—who are bosom friends, and about to set out on a motor tour and who return sworn enemies, *viâ* the same hotel, a month later. All these short sketches are extremely entertaining, and well acted

## Priscilla in Paris

by a company of unknown *comédiens* unhampered by any special star; a welcome change in this city of *grandes vedettes*.

André Birabeau's play, *Folle de son Corps*, written specially for Spinelly, is one of those *comédies boulevardières* that cause the London critics, when such a play is translated into English, to disdainfully suggest that the French are unable to keep away from SEX (in very big letters), and that the *ménage à trois* is the only theme that appeals to them. To this I would respectfully submit to the corporation that the London producer who has selected the play probably imagines that he knows his public, and that he prefers to risk his money on "Naughty Nothings" rather than on the more serious output of the Paris stage, of which there is plenty. Take, for instance, the third play, *La Prochaine*, at the Théâtre Antoine, that was given this week. *La Prochaine*—"The Next"—(war understood) opens with the appearance of a theatre manager who comes alone before the curtain to deplore his sad fate. He is the last of his kind. The theatres have been destroyed by the cinema, which in turn has been killed by its own inanity, so that the spectators, bored and disgusted, have ended by remaining at home, and have learned to entertain themselves by playing a new game: the Lost Art of Conversation! To this lonely fellow comes a curious personage: the Dramatist. He has been away from Paris for many years in the solitude of some desert isle. There he has invented a strange machine that creates theatrical Robots. These soulless mummies have human shapes and are aware only of each other. There are the Judge, the Priest, the Lovely Girl, the Beautiful Youth, the Soldier, the General, the Financier, the Workman, the Diplomat, the Gendarme, the Academician (completely *gaga*, of course), the Poet, etc., etc. . . . These creatures are herded together on the stage and left to their own devices. Their ensuing reactions to one another form the play that follows. That the marionettes are presumably without strings goes without saying, but the strings are there nevertheless. The culminating point and the reason of this play is to show us what M. Paul-André Antoine imagines will be the attitude of the present generation to the next war. A very simple one. It very wisely sits down and refuses to fight. If the Old Men want war, they can jolly well fight it out for themselves, and therefore, inevitably, when it comes to the point, the Old Men prefer any other kind of solution.

The staging of this Punch and Judy show is quite charming, and it is brilliantly acted by Escande, late of the Comédie Française; young Suzet Mais, Palau, Feuillière, Mathillon, and Georges Lecler. Such an unheroic play would probably "flop" in London, and I would not advise any management to tackle it; but if it did have the courage to do so, the "flop" could not be attributed to the *chambre à coucher*.

PRISCILLA.



ONE OF THE GAY CITY'S LOVELIEST!  
Mlle. Jeanne Helbling, one of the most attractive of the younger brigade of the French Stage





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# VICKI BAUM: THE LATEST PORTRAITS OF THE FAMOUS AUSTRIAN AUTHORESS

Vicki Baum, whose work is now as much the property of the world at large, as it is of the land of her birth (Austria—and also of Germany), has just left London for a lecture-tour in America, but returns to us as soon as it is over. The English theatre world knows her best by reason of "Grand Hotel," which had such a brilliant run at the Adelphi, but this is by no means the sum of her literary achievements, as she has a long list of works to her credit in German. She is also the editress of *Die Dame*. In private life she is Frau Richard Lert, and she was born in Vienna in 1888



## A GREAT DEVON GATHERING IN LONDON

ALDERMAN CHARLES ROSS  
AND LADY TRAVERS CLARKEMR. A. C. REED AND  
COL. VIVIAN GABRIELLT.-GEN. SIR TRAVERS CLARKE  
AND MRS. TITUS BARHAM, J.P.THE HON. HELEN MILDMAI AND LORD  
MILDMAI OF FLETE (PRESIDENT, LONDON  
DEVONIAN ASSOCIATION)THE REV. PENNINGTON BICKFORD  
AND MAJOR MAXWELL-LYTEMR. TITUS BARHAM, MRS. LEON MEREDITH  
AND LT.-COL. SIR CHARLES PINKHAM

SIR ALFRED AND LADY BAKER AND MR. C. J. NEWMAN

The gathering of Devon men and women sojourning amongst us "foreigners" in London was a great one, and took place at the Trocadero, Lord Mildmay of Flete, the President of the London Devonian Association and Lord Lieutenant of Devon, filling the Chair most admirably. Lord Mildmay's Devon seat is near Ermington. The dinner was followed by a dance and the whole entertainment was a very big success, for Devon people are more like members of one great family than the inhabitants of almost any other county in the British Isles. Of course, they have a just right to be proud of that beautiful bit of England which is their own, and the mere "up-country" man ought to be very grateful whenever he is allowed to cross the frontier from his less beautiful regions. Alderman Charles Ross, who is in the picture with Lady Travers Clarke, is Sheriff of Exeter. Lt.-Gen. Sir Travers Clarke, who has a most distinguished war service record, is Col. of the Inniskilling Fusiliers. Sir Alfred Baker is an Exeter man, born, bred and educated, and Mr. C. J. Newman is the Chief Clerk of Exeter. Mr. H. R. Selley is the Member for Battersea South, and Sir Charles Pinkham was Sheriff of Middlesex in 1930.



MR. H. R. SELLEY, M.P.

Photographs by Sasha





A STAR EXPLODES

By NORMAN LINDSAY

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THE GUARDSMAN WHO WENT ON GROWING

By PATRICK BELLEW



THE QUEEN OF THE UPPER AIR

by FOR





AIR AND SOME OF HER SUBJECTS

FORSTER



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Sir . . . .  
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# THE ADVENTURES OF SINBAD



GIT OUT OF THAT GARDEN!

## AT "THE MIRACLE" FIRST NIGHT



Mlle ALICE NIKITINA OFFERS HER CONGRATULATIONS TO MR. COCHRAN



BARONESS HOHENBURG, DR. KARL VOLLMOELLER, AND FRAU VON HARTMANN



VIOLET DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, LADY HUDSON AND LADY GLADSTONE



LADY HOWE AND HER DAUGHTER



MRS. REDIKER WITH LORD BERNERS AND MR. CHANNON



SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A. AND HIS LOVELY WIFE



MRS. FRANCIS TOYE AND DR. MALCOLM SARGENT



THE HON. MRS. BAILLIE-HAMILTON HAS A WORD WITH MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS

In spite of the fact that, in accordance with his recently formed habit, Mr. Cochran had kept the date of "The Miracle's" presentation a secret until forty-eight hours beforehand, it seemed as if every notability in London had gathered at the Lyceum to welcome this wonderful and lovely spectacle. Therefore presumably all previous engagements for that particular Saturday night were either ruthlessly cancelled or had been made conditionally! Congratulations were heard on all sides. Mlle Nikitina, the fascinating Russian dancer, was one of the first to proffer hers to a broadly-smiling "C.B.," who personally introduced the great Max Reinhardt to a delighted audience. Dr. Karl Vollmoeller, author of "The Miracle," was returning thanks too, and Violet Duchess of Rutland shared in the triumph achieved by Lady Diana Cooper as the Madonna. Lending musical ear to Humperdinck's heavenly harmonies were Lord Berners, Dr. Malcolm Sargent and Mrs Francis Toye. The appreciation of an artist for artistry came from Sir John Lavery, and even Mr. Beverley Nichols, whose flair for criticism is well known, could scarce forbear to cheer

Photographs by Sasha



## A FEW FOR THE FILM FAN!



TOM MIX AND CLAUDIA DELL IN "DESTRY RIDES AGAIN"

JULIETTE COMPTON IN "UNFAITHFUL" AND (BELOW)  
RAMON NOVARRO AND GRETA GARBO IN "MATA HARI"

Tom Mix, whom his myriads of admirers are glad to see back in action again, is with Claudia Dell in a new Universal picture "Destry Rides Again" and it is said to be one right into his hands. Juliette Compton's latest picture is called "Unfaithful" and is based on the story by John Van Druten, of "There's Always Juliet," "Young Woodley," "After All," "London Wall," and so forth fame, and is said to be one that is admirably suited to the clever actress's temperament. Like many another American movie queen, Juliette Compton is a former Ziegfeld Folly, and for a time she adhered to the variety stage, as London of course knows, as it first made her acquaintance when she came over to appear in "Charlot's Revue." She made a number of British pictures, "Nell Gwynn" being about the most notable; but eventually she went back to Hollywood where they have kept her pretty hard at work ever since. Greta Garbo is certain to be a great draw in "Mata Hari," which comes to the Empire on the 22nd, and her chances in the part of the greatest woman spy the Great War produced are prodigious. They shot Mata Hari at Vincennes. It was not the British custom to shoot women spies. Besides Ramon Novarro, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone are in this big M.G.M. picture with Greta Garbo



## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE suitor was asking the lady's father for her hand in marriage. "You impudent young puppy!" thundered the parent. "You dare to ask for my daughter? Do you imagine you could give her what she's been used to?"

"Oh, yes, I think so, Sir," replied the young man. "I've a pretty violent temper myself!"

The mistress handed her maid a hat, saying: "The master doesn't like me in this hat, Mary, so you may have it."

"It's no use, Mum," replied the girl, "he doesn't like me in it, either."

A girl was taken to see a boxing match. Coming away from the show her escort asked her how she enjoyed it.

"Oh," she replied, "the boxers were all right, but these seconds are a lot of funks. Did you notice how they shot out of the ring as soon as there was any trouble brewing?"

She was an attractive young widow. In the hotel lounge she seated herself next to a handsome young man. She coughed slightly, but the stranger ignored her. She shot him a flirtatious glance that proved plainly that she wanted to get acquainted, but he gave no answering sign.

Finally, a piece of dainty linen was wafted to the ground at his feet. "Oh, I've dropped my handkerchief," she murmured softly.

The man turned a cold and unresponsive eye upon her.

"Madam," he said, "my weakness is beer."

He had purchased a very old car and felt he owned the road; so when another driver, whom he had kept behind for over a mile, yelled out: "Get your darned old iron out of the way, can't you?" he was furious.

He stopped and completely blocked the lane. "Look here!" he cried, "I demand an apology!"

The other looked at the dilapidated car pityingly. "You've got it!" he said.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?" inquired the judge of the burglar.

"The only thing I'm kicking about," replied the burglar, glaring with scorn at the chief witness against him, "is bein' identified by a man that kep' 'is 'ead under the bed-clothes the 'ole time I was in the room."

A struggling author had called on a publisher to inquire about a manuscript he had submitted.

"This is quite well written," admitted the publisher, "but my firm only publishes work by writers with well-known names." "Splendid!" shouted the caller in great excitement. "My name's Smith, you know!"

The wife approached her husband, who was lying on deck looking rather wan. "Shall I have your lunch brought up here to you, dear?" she asked.

"No, dear," he murmured, "have it thrown straight overboard. It will save time and trouble."

"Daddy," said the son of the house, "you said if I saved you two shillings you would give it to me, didn't you?"

"That's right, my son," said his father.

"Well," said the boy timidly, "you remember you promised to give me two shillings if I passed my school exams? — well, I didn't pass, so I've saved you the two shillings."

The nouveau-riche was giving a dinner party. "Is this the best claret?" he asked the butler, pompously.

"No, sir," was the reply, "but it's the best you've got."

It was the maid's day off, and she was spending it with the maid from the house next door.

"My mistress is so curious," she told the girl.

"Most mistresses are," said her companion. "How curious is yours?"

"Well, yesterday I was looking through the keyhole into her room, and she was looking through the keyhole at me."



THE HON. DAVID TENNANT AND SIR OSWALD MOSLEY  
AT THE GARGOYLE CLUB

Fencing being so good for the figure and the digestion, it is good news to hear about this new club which the Hon. David Tennant and Sir Oswald Mosley have started in Dean Street. Sir Oswald Mosley knows quite a lot about the épée and the foil; but the thing they are playing with in the picture is called a sabre, the slower cutting weapon





## This is about Elizabeth Arden's Colour Coordination Idea

The fashion item below was written by Sara Marshall Cook, Fashion Editor of the New York Herald Tribune, and appeared in that paper on Sunday, February 21st. It created such a stir and drew such a large number of inquiries that we decided to reprint it for the benefit of Tatler readers. If you will write me I will be very glad to send you the colour chart to which Miss Cook so graciously refers.

*Elizabeth Arden*

Beauty specialists have evolved a new idea in make-up. It is that of making a lipstick, rouge and powder to be used with each new colour of spring and summer clothes in shades blended to make these colours much more becoming than they ordinarily would be.

Artists have deserted their canvases to apply themselves to this great business of working out the most beautiful colours for cosmetics, the manufacture of which is one of the biggest industries of all time.

### Making the Most of Charm

Few women are without charm, but many do not know how to make the most of their charms, and through the choice of the right shades in make-up they may emphasise their best features and minimise or subordinate the ones that are not as beautiful as they might wish.

Only a few weeks ago more than 1,100 women braved a blizzard in one of our Western cities to attend a demonstration of the use of these new cosmetics, and learn their relation to the newest fashions. Actual count showed that 400 were turned away because there was not even standing room. This proves the success of the new alliance between fashion and cosmetics.

### Red-Heads May Wear Red

One expert in the field of beauty goes so far as to say that red-haired women may wear red and that pale blondes no longer need be afraid of yellow. It is just a

question of selecting the right tints for your rouge, lipstick and powder foundation.

This expert has prepared a chart in colour showing the most effective shade of lipstick, powder and eye shadow for each complexion to wear with the colours that will appear in the dresses of spring. It is an invaluable little contrivance for any woman who would look her best, for by spinning a wheel you are shown as in a mirror. A spin of this wheel of beauty shows you in a tomato red dress, a green one, or a black one, and so on through the colour gamut of fashion, and tells you just what shades of make-up to choose for that particular colour.

### Special Shades of Rouge

This chart will be sent to any reader of the Herald Tribune fashion page upon request. There is no charge for it.

Prominent among the colours of spring clothes are numerous shades of blue. And, contrary to popular belief, blue is not among the easiest colours to wear. If you have hollow cheeks and shadows under your eyes, blue quickly emphasises this fact. Consequently, according to the best beauty specialists you must choose for your blue dresses a powder of

a warm cast, a rouge and lipstick that omit the orange tones, replacing them with a crimson hue:

Beige, one of the smartest colours of spring, is inclined to make an older woman's skin appear sallow, and to offset this certain warm shades of make-up have been prepared. And for the tomato reds there is a vivid red lipstick and rouge to be used with a powder of a deep rich tone.

### Noses Subordinated

The important thing in effective make-up is to accent the eyes and lips, the two most expressive features, so say the beauty experts. Noses, we are told, should be subordinated. Many of us remember with horror the terrible things that were done to noses a few years ago by the ghastly shades of powder applied to them. Noses, according to the newer styles in beauty, are not supposed to appear like beacons. They should be rather insignificant. If you feel that your nose is nothing to be proud of, use powder a shade darker on your nose than that which you use for the rest of your face, and thus subordinate it.

Then there is an invaluable new preparation for those afflicted with shiny noses, which, if applied just before powdering the face, gives a matt finish and makes it unnecessary to powder the nose



for the rest of the day, thus obviating one of those trying moments in life when, after dashing to keep an important engagement with only a minute to spare, you are obliged to spend five minutes in surreptitiously powdering your nose.

### Eye Make-Up Important

This amazing development in cosmetics really came about through hats. When hats went off the forehead, eyes looked insignificant when called upon to compete with an expanse of forehead to which attention was drawn, and experts in beautifying the feminine face realised that eye make-up could do a lot, and so many new shades of eye shadow were developed.

If you never have tried green eye shadow it is worth experimenting with for evening. It is said to make your eyes very attractive. For those who have not the courage to try an all-green eye shadow, try brown eye shadow with just a bit of green on the eyelid, say these new advocates of the recent alliance between the fashions in clothes and make-up.

### The Vogue in Eyebrows

While on the subject of eyes it should be mentioned that the best beauty specialists say, "Do not pluck your eyebrows." To pluck them to a narrow line is distinctly bad form. They may be brought into line, if they are inclined to be wayward, by the use of tweezers, and if you wish they may be pencilled lightly, but see to it that the pencilling is very, very light.



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## Pictures in the Fire "SABRETACHE" By



BUSINESS PARTNERS

Miss Pamela Carme, who is really the Hon. Pamela Boscawen, a sister of Lord Falmouth, and Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, are both well known on the stage and have become partners in a concern selling beauty preparations. Miss Carme has been playing in repertory in Glasgow and Edinburgh for some weeks, and has had a great success both "on" and "off"

ticket which will tack on an extra fourteen "stretch" to the ordinary sentence which would be handed out to the perpetrator. It is magnificent in theory; but does not the basic principle of the rats and the cayenne pepper apply? Haven't you got to catch your rat first? This, so far as my reading carries me, is the big trouble, and murder and burglary seem to be two of the most sheltered trades or professions that there are.

That group of the C.O. and officers of that gallant corps, the Calcutta Light Horse, which was published in this paper, must have brought back a few memories, both glad and sad, to a good many chaps who are now at home and a bit longer in the tooth than when they served with it. There are not a few past C.O.'s, officers, and men still to the fore, and I think it is about time that another reunion dinner was arranged, isn't it? The last one we had was at the Oriental Club, just before the war, if my memory is right. Amongst C.O.'s and officers there are Colonel Eben Henry, Colonel Apostolides, Colonel Steele-Perkins, Colonel Norman McLeod—not sure if he ever actually commanded—his brother, "The Tougall" (Sir C. C. McLeod), Major Hoddy Hodgson, Major Gourlay Harvey, Colonel Charlie Arthur—he commanded, I think—Colonel James Gourlie (Central India Horse), who was a most famous adjutant, Major-General Sir Alfred Edwards (K.D.G.'s and 5th D.G.'s, another distinguished adjutant), Major Bertie Hoare (also 5th D.G.'s, another), W. W. Page, "Pans" Preston, trumpeter to many

At this horrible crime wave and the many suggestions made for countering it, everyone, of course, will agree with the clever chap who has suggested a sort of sweepstake of crackable cribs and giving the householder a chance of drawing a

C.O.'s, who was always handsomely defeated by the "loose-their-heads" call, and none too jolly good at anything bar the single "G" of the "walk-march"; "Thora Thora" Johnson, who bedded down in the G.O.C.'s own bed one starry night when he couldn't find his way back to the barracks in which the C.L.H. were then quartered; "Squarey" Smith, a most energetic T.S.M., called that because he was built rather like a Dutch scow; Tom and Dicky Westmacott, Roley Pugh, who used to ride and own jumpers; Holmes Gresson, very first-class at the same job, and now down in the Cotswold country; Timothy Evers, an old rival, who was always going just one or two better; and bundles more whose names escape me until they write and tell me I've a memory like a sieve. And there's all the newer lot, who, I'm sure, would be only too glad to sit at the feet of some of these Gamaliels and hear a bit of lurid past history. And there is a bit—believe me or believe me not.

"The Apostle," for instance, will tell them he is never going to forget that awful time when at a big New Year's Day show, it was discovered that he was the senior officer of mounted units present, and consequently had to lead the way when the cavalry and guns came back at the gallop. Never had he a hairier time with the Horse Batteries doing their darndest to tread the scut off him, and he on an old skin hardly fast enough to catch a cold! The prayers he said to the God of War were *not*, I believe, in the soft Anacreontic of his wonderful country (Greece); and never was anyone so relieved when the whole shooting match went head right, and eventually dropped down to a trot, and then wheeled right again into line. It was a great occasion, and the battery commanders thoroughly enjoyed themselves; and we others hoarse with laughter and the dust! "The Apostle," incidentally, was—and is—as brave as all the lions and tigers in the "Zoo," but on a slow horse, and the guns on things nearly good enough to win races—figure to yourself the situation!

(Continued on p. xxiv)

### A DÉBUTANTE: MISS JASMINE VAN DE WEYER

The third daughter of Major W. J. B. and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer, who was the Hon. Olive Wingfield, and is a sister of Lord Powerscourt. Major Van de Weyer is a grandson of the 2nd Earl of Craven

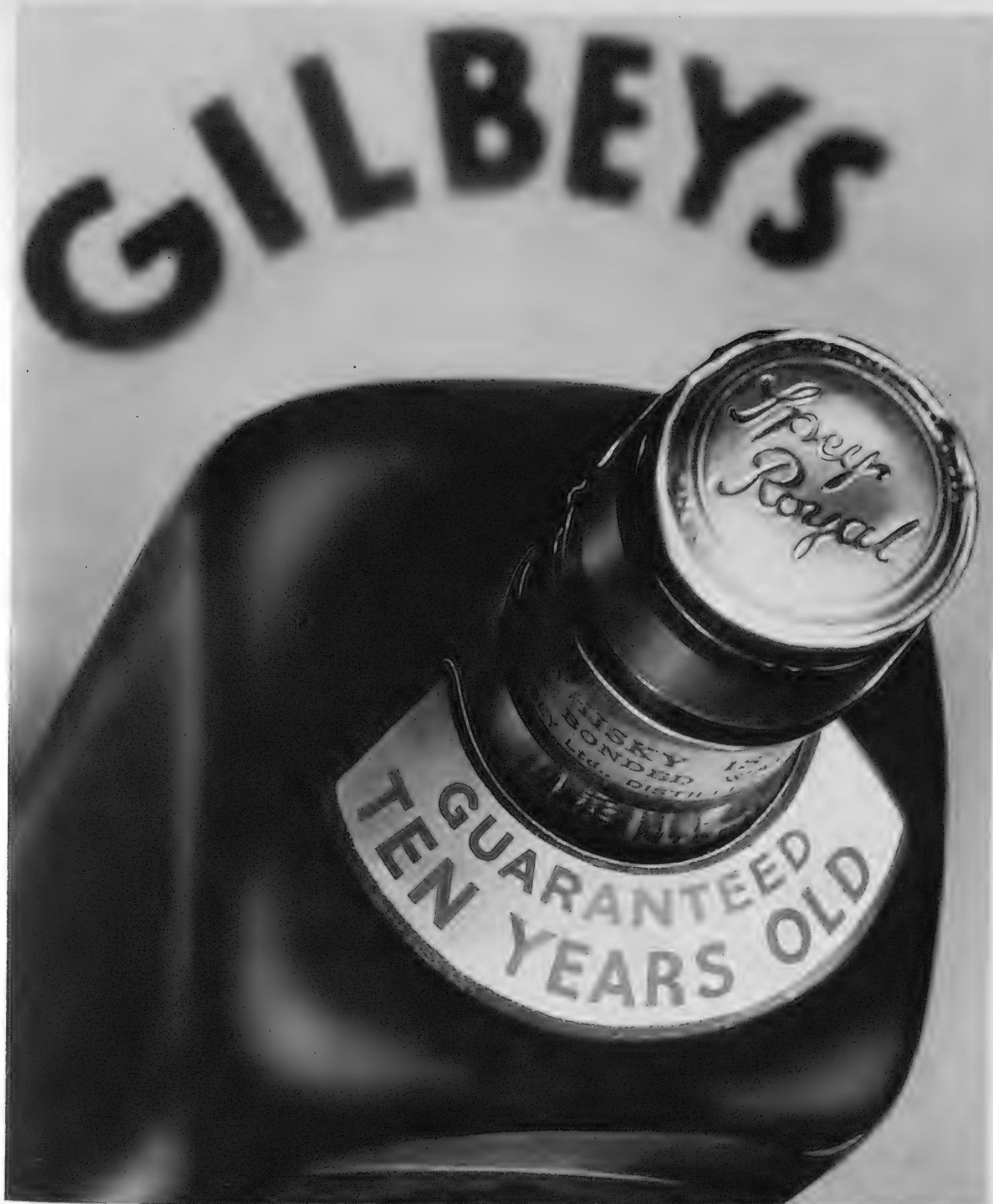
Ray Wrightson



SKI-ING IN JAPAN NIKAKURA

A British Embassy (Tokyo) party, which might be somewhere in the Grindelwald if it were not for the legend on the flag. Left to right the names are: Mr. "Nimbles" Brain, Miss Mary Lindley (daughter of the British Ambassador, Sir Francis Lindley), Miss Cameron, Mr. Burnett, Miss Alice Lindley, Mr. E. Crowe and Mrs. Simson (wife of our military attaché in Tokyo)





## SPEY ROYAL WHISKY 12/6

This is a true story. After dinner one evening a friend of ours poured two whiskies into two liqueur glasses and submitted them to the judgment of an independent wine merchant. "What do you think of these?" he enquired. The wine merchant took the glasses, rolled the whisky round them, sniffed them carefully and sipped each in turn. Finally he selected one and pointing to it said "That's so good you'd enjoy it as a liqueur." The whisky was our ten year old Spey Royal.

*Spey Royal is sold all the world over. The home trade bottle only is depicted.*

**YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU GOT GILBEY'S**



Formby First: Miss Beryl Brown and Mrs. Barbour, winners of "Britannia and Eve's" Northern Foursomes, with (left and right), Miss Sloane and Mrs. B. W. Heaton, the runners-up

## EVE AT GOLF

THE cold of the weather and the warmth of the hospitality will long remain as the chief impressions of the 1932 Northern Foursomes run by *Britannia and Eve*, with the confusion of the prophets as a third feature. Perhaps there was nothing so sensationally awful as the blizzard of the last day at Alwoodley two years ago, nor so devastating in cold as the wind at Woodhall Spa in 1928, but for sheer steady misery of cold wind and rain, Royal Lytham and St. Anne's in 1932 will take some beating.

It only shows how extraordinarily popular the place is, and how competitors rose entirely superior to

By  
Eleanor E. Helme



Spotting the winner of the Veterans' Championship: Mrs. Jeken with Mrs. H. Smith, the runner-up, at Ranelagh



Mrs. Robert Fleming and Lady Carisbrooke with Miss Stringer, founder of the Ladies' Parliamentary G.A., and still its Secretary and Treasurer, to whom a presentation was made when the Association recently held its "coming of age" meeting

the weather, that it was a more cheerful event than ever—although there were only chocolates on the first tee, and no boxes for the losers. Perhaps, secretly, others shared the chocolate complex of one competitor, who assured the management she was so glad there were none—it used to get on her nerves to think that a box under her arm would sooner or later brand her a loser

Let us dismiss the weather as vile, and recall pleasanter things. Of course, competitors' teeth did chatter; you could hear them as they struggled up the 14th in the teeth of the gale; somebody's clubs even spent a night in the cells because the zealous caddy, taking them home to oil and dry, celebrated a famous victory not wisely but too well, and, having been taken in charge by a Robert, was allowed to keep the clubs with him in the cell as a special act of leniency; the shifts players were reduced to in their quest for enough dry clothes were pitiful; the amount of warm drinks, not all soft, consumed to ward off chills was enormous—of course, all these things were part of the week, but, after all, the golf was extremely good, and must not be forgotten. Miss Beryl Brown and Mrs. Barbour, with a joint handicap of seven, were not either of the back-marking



Defeated semi-finalists at Royal Lytham and St. Anne's: (Left) Miss M. Justice and her sister, Mrs. Smalley; (right) Mrs. M. Lewtas and Miss M. Singleton

pairs on which I was so rashly ready to lay my last farthing when the tournament began, but they were a very good pair indeed; Miss Brown with international and county experience, Mrs. Barbour with real good Scottish blood to teach her how to cheat the wind with beautiful run-up approaches, and each of them with faith in the other. Lancashire, of course, thought well of them from the very start, as they ought to do of their champion; only I have to confess that Miss Corlett was playing such outstanding stuff, Miss Baird and Miss Marshall seemed such a good pair, Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Raymond Cooper so brilliant, that I looked no further than these, unless to throw a watchful eye on Miss Diana Fishwick and Mrs. Brindle. Miss Fishwick was the first famous one to go out with a crash. They were playing level against Miss Ollier and Mrs. Wood, from North Manchester, and as the shots were played that morning, it was Mrs. Wood who stood out as the star performer. Her shots up to the hole were really first-class, notably at the 15th, where she finished the match by hitting the pin with her tee shot. Of Miss Fishwick's, the less said the better. This page goes on the principle of a blind eye for the bad shots, field-glasses for the good. Miss Corlett and Mrs. John Heaton were the next resounding crash, Miss Noble and Miss Howarth crowning a long series of partnerships by this triumph—followed by imprisonment for the clubs! After immense difficulties, the clubs, though not the caddy, were bailed out in time for their next morning's match. It was unavailing, though, for Miss Brown and Mrs. Barbour were the opponents, and right good golf they played to win by 3 and 1. Mrs. Clement and Mrs. Cooper, Miss Baird and Miss Marshall, were the other big names who suffered eclipse that windy morning; Miss K. Smith and Mrs. Gordon Harrison, who come from Retford and Woodhall Spa, making grand use of their seven strokes to win by 5 and 4 from the Cheshire couple; and the Scottish-Lincolnshire combination being defeated by the better putting of another Cheshire pair, Mrs. Burton and Mrs. Hammersley. Miss Ollier and

(Continued on p. 123.)





# "Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer"

SOUND, refreshing sleep is essential for health and happiness. In those golden hours of slumber the fatigued body is strengthened and rebuilt. New energy is created to meet the demands of the coming day.

Sleep comes quickly to those who, before retiring, drink a cupful of delicious "Ovaltine." There is no food beverage more easily digested or richer in the restorative nourishment which rebuilds brain, nerve and body.

Delicious "Ovaltine" presents, in a correctly balanced form, the restorative nourishment of Nature's richest foods. It is an original product made by a scientific and exclusive process from specially prepared malt extract, fresh creamy milk and new-laid eggs. Eggs provide organic phosphorus—an essential requirement for building up the nerves.

When "Ovaltine" is your night-cap you will enjoy dreamless, restful sleep and awake gloriously refreshed. "Ovaltine" is indeed "tired Nature's sweet restorer."

Prices in Great Britain  
and Northern Ireland  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

The World's best Night-cap  
**OVALTINE**



OVALTINE

# PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

## The Tens.

I DO not pretend to know exactly why it is so, but there is evidence in abundance that, of all types of car, the "Ten" is most singularly fascinating. Like certain, or rather uncertain, stocks and shares, it has its rises and its falls, but it is always with us, and I daresay that statistics would easily prove that, when all was said and done, it is the stalwart backbone of the British motor industry. For an enormous number of motor-owners it is "just about right"; cheap to buy, cheap to run, and with enough ginger about it to make motoring really enjoyable. There have always been plenty of "Tens," but never too many. Not many months ago a Hillman came into this category, and now we have an Austin. As to the latter there has been much secrecy, and rightly enough. I think, if I were a motor manufacturer, I would do all my experimental work behind barred and bolted doors, and I would not open them until I had a perfect torrent of cars to release. There is a sense of the dramatic in these matters, which unhappily has been undermined by the fact that whilst Olympia is supposed to be the stage upon which all newcomers make their début, it serves merely as the place in which they confirm, or fail to confirm, their excellent intentions. But it can be accepted that what the really big firms follow is the wisest policy. They bring out their new models, not at any arbitrary season but just exactly when they are ready with them. With the details of the new Austin "Ten-Four" I am not yet familiar, for these were not available at the time of writing, but the name is sufficient guarantee that the design will be absolutely first class, and with a dash of that bold and practical originality which Sir Herbert always contrives to get into his cars. I suppose that as a class the "Ten" is the most improved car of modern times—and what a fine class it is, with Singer, Rover, Crossley, Hillman, Standard, and now Austin to choose from! What a wonderful thing the present-day "Ten" is you can only appreciate by comparing it with what it was only a few years ago. Then it was quite a conscientious job, but suffering from two cardinal faults, slowness and smallness. It offered only a pathetic pretence of comfort, for its producers



AIR-MARSHAL SIR GEOFFREY SALMOND

Who represented the Air Forces at the British Olympic Association annual dinner at the Connaught Rooms last week. Sir Geoffrey Salmond has been Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief the Air Defences of Great Britain since 1931, and is a brother of Air Chief Marshal Sir John Salmond, Chief of the Air Staff

had fallen into the silly habit of supposing that there was some essential connection between a man's stature and the depth of his purse. And even if you could manage to get behind the wheel it was otherwise not a very nice thing to drive, for the engine was terribly fussy; it not only gave you the constant impression that it was over-loaded, by reason of its sluggishness in the get-away, but what was even worse, when it did get going, it suggested that it was pretty soon going to burst with its own ardour. Nor



PRESIDENT F.-M. VON HINDENBURG

Germany's decision not to repeat the error of a previous epoch in her history when she dropped another great pilot is a cause for congratulation to herself and the world at large. Von Hindenburg stands for German solidarity, and his appeal to his country to close the ranks and cease internecine political strife cannot but have the best possible results at home and abroad

could one really complain about this state of affairs, for the average "Ten" had started as a very light open two-seater, and it had now, in deference to popular demand, blossomed out into a saloon with every imaginable item of equipment. Naturally, this weight was a lot for a little engine to pull, and you could hardly blame it; sometimes it seemed to say, "Please, let me lie down and die." But to-day it has no such inferiority complex, for in spite of the fact that its load is bigger, because its bodywork has sensible dimensions, it sets about its job with the most charming liveliness and gaiety. Thus it comes about that many pretty shrewd judges hold that an up-to-date four-cylinder ten is to be preferred to a six of even considerably higher rating. As to that question I would hesitate to make any pronouncement, for there are sixes and sixes, just as there are tens and tens; but this I will roundly assert, that with a good ten you can make such an unholily good average that you wonder what so many of the big cars you pass are doing with all their horses. Not only one model, but several in the ten category, have proved to me that they will stick a steady fifty for hours together over give-and-take country, and not only stick it, but like it too. In short, they are very nearly as fast as anything on the road, by which I mean not so much that they can do anything amazing by way of a speed-burst, but that their comfortable cruising speed is as high as that of much more powerful vehicles. And these tens, or at least some of them, are really comfortable nowadays. They actually give more room for one's *corpus vile* than many great big cars of much longer wheel-base, this being an incidental but nevertheless valuable virtue of the stubby little four-cylinder engine. There is one renowned motor-car manufacturer to my knowledge who, with an array of models both large and small to choose from, habitually uses his ten for his own driving. The only explanation he can give is

(Continued on p. xxvi)

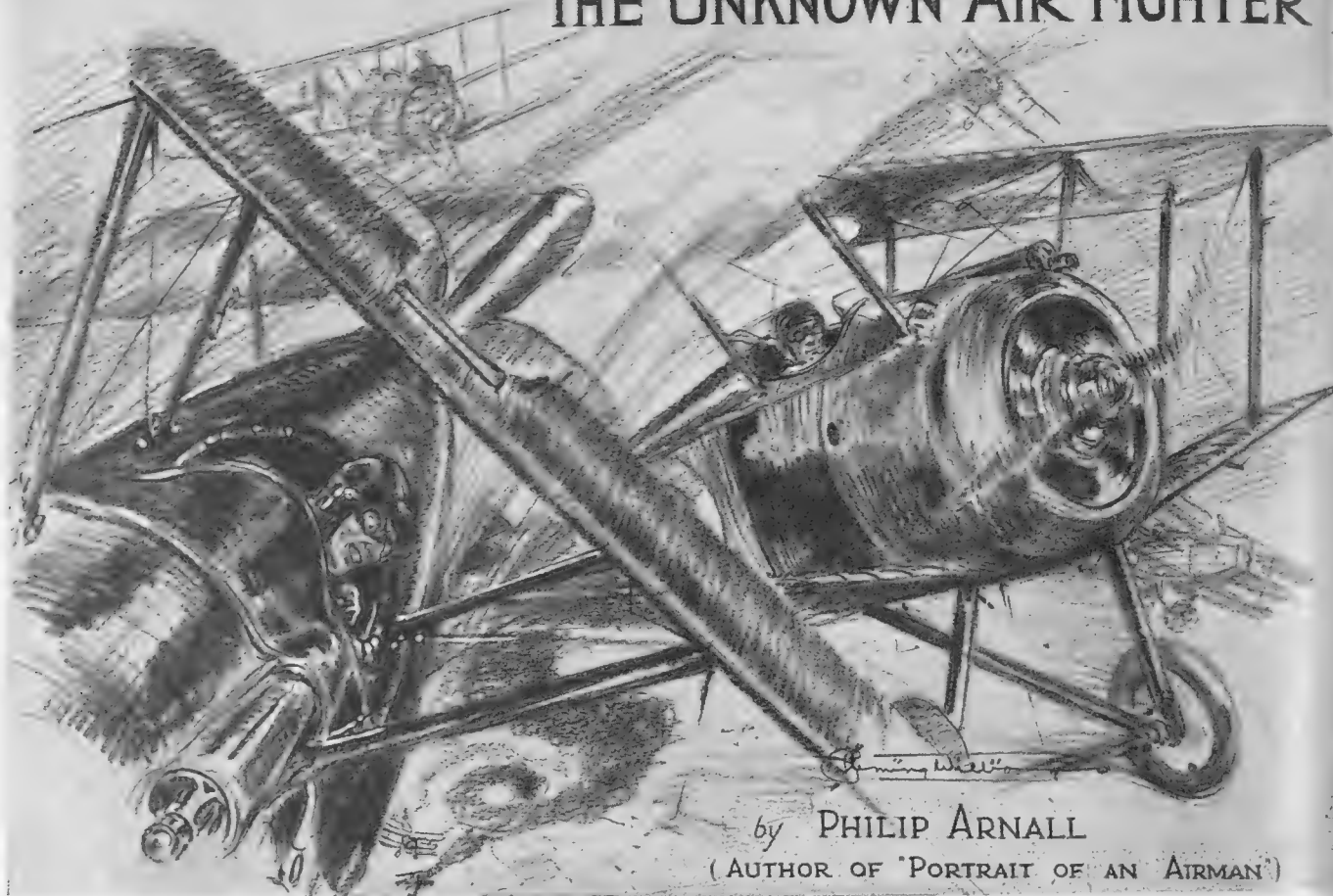
Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday





AT THE NINETEENTH the stroke of genius most appreciated by all is the soothing hospitality of Haig. To avoid disappointment at the Club House AND ELSEWHERE SAY 'HAIG' — *"why be vague?"*

# THE UNKNOWN AIR FIGHTER



by PHILIP ARNALL  
(AUTHOR OF "PORTRAIT OF AN AIRMAN")

"He passed with nothing more than inches between"

**M**ITCHELL took up the photograph and looked at it, a sneer at the corners of his mouth. It showed a short, thin man in the uniform of the Royal Flying Corps. He was standing in front of a Sopwith Camel, and in the back-ground appeared a drab, war-worn Bessoneau Hangar, whose ramshackle structure was, for Mitchell and his companion, as evocative as a familiar perfume and conjured up pictures of air-fighting, screaming bombs, and recollections of the extraordinary nervous tensions and changes experienced by those who fought in the air.

The face of the officer shown in the photograph was weak and unattractive—the chin sloping away, the forehead sloping back, though high, with the hair starting far back on it. The features were weak, yet suggested a kind of viciousness that can sometimes prompt desperate actions.

"I can still hardly believe that story about the fight over Drintzacourt Wood," said Mitchell. "I should say the explanation is that you took him for someone else."

The heavily-built man in the chair took his pipe out of his mouth:

"That I did not do," he said emphatically. "There were the markings on his planes. Besides, as I was turning, his machine passed within a few feet of mine—in the way that sometimes happened during those dog fights—and for a fraction of a second I looked right into his face."

"But you yourself say there was something peculiar about it. I remember you once told me that it looked like a different person altogether."

"I'd hardly say that. There was the change in expression; but personally I've not the slightest doubt that it was Alfred sitting in that cockpit."

"Well, I think the whole thing was rather revolting."

"Not half so revolting as Alfred's own story of what happened."

"Alfred's own story?"

"According to him things weren't at all straightforward. According to him—as I understand what he told me—there was something 'strange and inexplicable' about the whole business, though I don't quite know how far to believe him myself."

"He was an unpleasant bit of work, anyway."

"You misjudged him, like nearly everyone else in the Squadron."

"Except you, I suppose you mean."

"I did make an attempt to understand him."

"And pay for his whisky?"

"Yes, I did that too. And as a matter of fact it was when I'd been paying for his whisky in Amiens that he told me some very remarkable facts about the fight over Drintzacourt Wood."

"Did he drug himself before he went up that day?"

"That wouldn't have explained it. You remember how secretive he was, and you remember that feminine streak which put people off him. You felt all the time that any strong personality could have got absolute power over him if they'd wanted to. He seemed to ask for domination. He wanted to be the under-dog and to leave the initiative to others even in little things. And he wasn't a bad pilot."

"No, not bad; but not very good, either."

"Not bad then—for God's sake give him his due, Mitch'."

"I shall never forget the way he used to let us down. I wasn't in the scrap over Drintzacourt Wood; but—"

"He made no bones about admitting that he was frightened. He had an abnormal fear of injury of any kind. He told me that he used to get an absolute shock at the thought of physical injury. You can imagine what a man like that went through in a fighter squadron. Knowing him, I wasn't in the least surprised at his ruses to get out of going on patrol. His 'engine trouble' and 'gun stoppages'—I knew quite well what they were—"

"Who didn't? That's why Timothy Bar was shot down in flames. If that windy little skunk Alfred had stuck to the patrol it would never have happened."

"I know, I know. And I'm telling you now that Alfred knew too, no one better. He knew he was a coward and had no nerves for fighting anywhere, much less in the air. He told me that he noticed the sneers of the squadron when he went home pretending that he had engine trouble. But his morbid fear of injury drove him to do it time after time. He knew people hated him for it."

"What did he expect after he'd practically murdered Tim Bar and others, the dirty little twister?"

"Now wait a bit before you go off the deep end. It isn't a man's fault if he's a coward. Let me tell you what I saw over Drintzacourt Wood, and if you put that with Alfred's own account you'll think again. It may be that we haven't quite so much control over ourselves as you think, Mitch'. Our desires, if we

(Continued on p. 132)



# THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



## APRIL, 1932

16th to 30th inclusive.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 16th <b>Athletics.</b> London to Brighton relay race.   | 23rd <b>Tennis.</b> Amateur Champ. cont. (Queen's Club).  |
| <b>Football.</b> F.A. Amateur Cup Final.  | <b>Racing.</b> Stockton and Phoenix Park Meetings.  |
| <b>Scottish Cup Final</b> (Glasgow).  | <b>Sendown Park and Southwell Steeplechases.</b>  |
| <b>Racing.</b> Derby and Bogsides (Irvine) Meetings.  | <b>Motoring.</b> Junior Car Club Members' Day, Brooklands.  |
| <b>Beaufort Hunt, Oswestry and Llanyrnech Steeplechases.</b>  |   |
| 17th <b>SUMMER TIME BEGINS.</b>   | 25th <b>Tennis.</b> Hard Court Championship of Gt. Britain, Bournemouth.                          |
| 18th <b>Golf.</b> Army Champ. (Hoylake) begins.   | <b>Racing.</b> Fontwell and Shirley Steeplechases.  |
| <b>Racing.</b> Epsom Spring Meeting. Edinburgh Meeting.   | 26th <b>Shows.</b> Ayrshire Agric. Association.   |
| <b>Colwall Park and Quorn Hunt Steeplechases.</b>   | <b>Racing.</b> Newmarket Meeting. Fontwell Stplchs.   |
| 19th <b>Racing.</b> Epsom Spring Meeting. Edinburgh Meeting. Kildare and National Hunt (Punchestown) Stplchs. | 27th <b>Racing.</b> 2,000 Guineas, Newmarket. Mallow Meeting. Worcester and Hexham Steeplechases. |
| 20th <b>Racing.</b> Epsom Spring Meeting. Kildare and National Hunt (Punchestown) Steeplechases.              | 28th <b>Racing.</b> Newmarket Meeting. Worcester and Hexham Steeplechases.                        |
| 21st <b>Golf.</b> "Eve" Foursomes, St. George's Hill.   | 29th <b>Racing.</b> 1,000 Guineas, Newmarket. Thirk Meeting.                                      |
| <b>Racing.</b> Sandown Park and Pontefract Meetings. Ludlow Steeplechases.                                    | 30th <b>Fox Hunting ends.</b>   |
| 22nd <b>Racing.</b> Sandown Park, Stockton and Leopardstown Meetings. Ludlow Stplchs.                         | <b>Cricket.</b> Opening of season at Lord's.  |
| 23rd <b>ST. GEORGE'S DAY.</b>   | <b>Motor Cycle Racing.</b> North West 200, Londonderry.   |
| <b>Football.</b> Final Tie F.A. Cup (Wembley).  | <b>Racing.</b> Hurst Park, Thirk and Proudston Park (Nevan) Meetings.                             |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

THE UNKNOWN AIR FIGHTER—*cont. from p. 130*

feel them strongly enough, may take on an independent existence. It's not impossible. As someone said, ideas are the strongest and most permanent things in the world. Things aren't always so simple as they seem to healthy louts like yourself."

The big man settled himself, looked up at the ceiling, and went on:—

"Before the Drintzacourt Wood scrap Alfred had been brooding over his own cowardice and wondering if he could overcome it. He tried taking a large flask of neat whisky up with him; but he found that, instead of giving him courage to fight, it gave him courage to run away sooner. He would brazenly leave the patrol directly it got near the lines.

"A fellow like you can hardly understand the misery he was in as a result of the jeers of the squadron and their active hatred when he let the patrol down and there were heavy losses. He put every loss down to himself and himself alone, and he became morbid and began, like people do in that condition, to retire into a world of fantasy where he pictured himself playing heroic rôles and fighting like Ball and McCudden. Day and night he used to take refuge in these fantasies and try to comfort himself with them.

"You remember how he used to creep off to his bed in 'A' Flight hut in the evenings instead of staying in the mess. Then you remember that time you showed him up. When he returned from patrol saying that his engine was missing badly you took up the machine at once and reported it perfect. That was a blow to him. So he took to going 'sick' in the air. He pretended that he lost consciousness at anything over 8,000 ft., and that he felt ill, and so on.

"In that abnormal mind of his he dreaded the moment of patrol with a dread which neither you nor I can visualize. The nearest thing to it, I think, must be that moment in nightmares when one really believes in what is happening. If one could take that moment, intensify it and maintain it, I think we should be somewhere near the feelings of Alfred. He was tortured, and his only escape was alone, when he could form his mind-pictures of himself fighting like a demon and helping everyone else in the patrol. I think those fantasies he worked up show that he wasn't wholly bad, and I think that they have an importance in interpreting what happened afterwards."

"If he could do what he did at Drintzacourt Wood I can't see," broke in Mitchell, no longer able to contain himself, "that any quarter should . . ."

"For Heaven's sake wait a bit. I'm coming to Drintzacourt Wood. As I say the moment of patrol was a horror to him. He began to pretend that he felt ill before the start of the patrol, and by that means he got out of one or two patrols. Probably he would have got into trouble or been sent home if he had continued with this game if it hadn't been for that scrap in which we lost Ted Williams, Grazborough, 'Winny,' and—er. Let's see, who was the fourth: Williams, Grazborough, 'Winny,' and—?"

"Wasn't it Green, whose wings folded up after a Hun had been sitting on his tail for about three minutes? It was the time Battley got back shot to pieces and dithering, and that little swine Alfred."

"Yes, that was it. Green was the fourth. Alfred ought to have made the sixth on that patrol; but he fell out feeling 'ill.' They met eight German machines and thought they were Richtofen's circus. And the Germans gave 'em hell. Battley's story was lurid enough; but the fact that Ted had been sent up in flames in the first two seconds was worse. Everyone thought that Ted was more than a match for any German. It shook the whole squadron to the core, and Alfred was hated more intensely that day than ever. Everyone put down Ted's and the others' deaths direct to him. He had let the patrol down again.

"I believe that it was because he was livid with rage against him that the C.O. ordered Alfred to take his place in the 7 a.m. O.P. next day, which I had the job of leading. You know well enough which patrol that was. I don't suppose anyone will forget it.

"Everyone had the wind up; the morale of the squadron had been shattered by the slaughter on the day before. And when I knew Alfred was with us I reckoned that our strength had been halved. I felt sure he would let us down, and let us down badly; but exactly how I had no idea. It did just cross my mind for a moment that some perversion of ideas might turn him against us and cause him to fight actually against his own patrol. It was a ghastly thought to people wrought up as we were then, and I can't imagine what brought it into my head.

"Now I must tell you what Alfred told me after it was over, because that leads up to the extraordinary things I saw on that

patrol. Whether you believe him or not I leave to you. Somehow I think you will. No ordinary explanation for the happenings of that day is possible.

"Alfred said that, when he heard the C.O. had ordered him to join my patrol next morning, he had what must have amounted to a sort of brain storm, brought on simply through the acutest funk. He thought of running away, but he knew that would mean recapture and possibly being shot. He wracked his brains for some way of getting out of the patrol, but could think of none. He slept not at all, and was a wreck when he was called the next day at six.

"The morning was beautifully clear, with a brilliant sun, and a sky without a single cloud in it; the kind of day you seem to be able to look straight up to about 30,000 ft.; the kind of day when Archie is hell!

"The machines were brought out. Helmets and goggles were put on, and everyone smeared their faces with whale oil, which was ordered at that time for protection against frost-bite, though Jimmy always swore it brought on the frost-bite all the quicker.

"On his way out to the machines Alfred had a kind of picture of the disastrous fight of the day before which he could not get out of his mind, and he seemed to see the brightly-painted German machines shooting ours down like flies. To make matters worse he could see that every other member of the patrol, including myself, I am free to admit, was regarding him with the merciless hatred which comes when you know that one of your number is a traitor to the rest. That kind of hatred blinds one to reason and everything else. One weak link can weaken a whole patrol. One coward can go a good way to making the others cowards too. To make matters worse Thompson, who was to have been my sub-leader, had been wounded the day before in the mouth, and I had to take old Williamson, a much less experienced man, and really too old for the job.

"Alfred told me that he seemed to *feel* the bullets as he got into his machine, and that the need for preserving his hide seemed to become more and more urgent. He told me frankly that if he had believed that, by shooting down members of his own patrol, he could have saved his skin, he would not have hesitated to do so. Nothing else except his own safety seemed to matter. And so, as he actually climbed into his machine, there was a mental conflict going on within him in which Heaven knows what nervous discharges and what physiological alterations were involved.

"Then, as he told it to me, the confusion in his mind suddenly seemed to break, and for an instant absolute blackness came before him. He says that it was exactly the same as one feels at the moment one is going to faint. A sort of sudden withdrawal of consciousness.

"He thought that he was going to pass out. But consciousness returned and left only the desire to be out of the machine and away in safety. He climbed out of the machine and swung himself to the ground. He felt that the other pilots were looking at him with suspicion and hatred. But now he did not care. That sudden blackness had somehow affected him. It was as if something had been withdrawn from him.

"You remember that old barn that stood just west of 'C' Flight hangar on Sortrie Aerodrome? Well, he told his mechanics that he had forgotten his spare goggles and he went towards that barn. He felt that he wanted to lie down there and to pass into oblivion. Reality was too much for him. He felt that he *must* go away from the aeroplane and from the patrol. He felt that something terrible was about to happen to him and that he must go away.

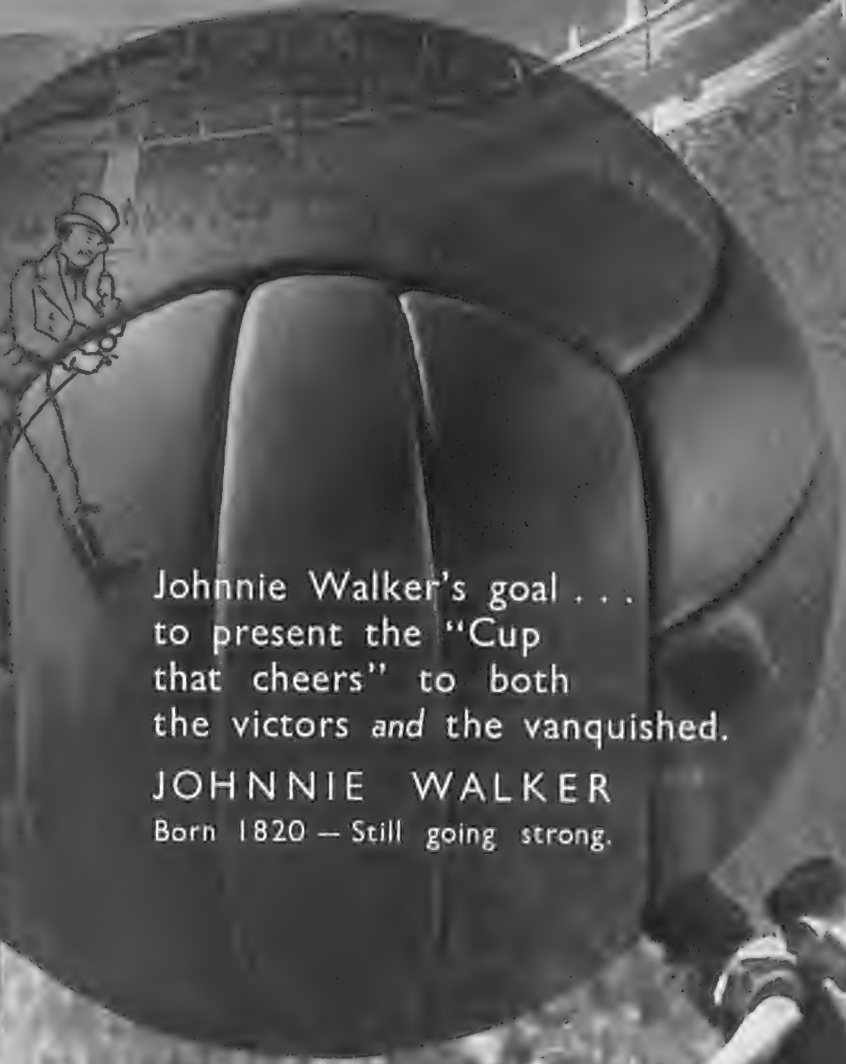
"He staggered round behind 'C' Flight shed and went into the barn. It was almost pitch dark in one corner and he went towards that corner. The darkness seemed friendly after the brilliant sunshine outside and he threw himself on the ground in the darkness.

"As he threw himself down, he says, he noticed a tingling at the roots of his hair. This was accentuated and seemed to pass through him and to spread towards his hands and feet, and with it came a sort of fascinated horror like that of a wounded man watching his own hæmorrhage. For just an instant it seemed, too, that there was someone with him in the barn. Then came a violent change and an imperative desire for action. With something like murder in his heart he jumped up and rushed out again to his Camel and climbed aboard.

"The patrol had left already, but he says that immediately he had taken off he felt that his machine had more than its ordinary performance. It seemed that it had found another fifty or sixty horse-power. Instead of being immobilized with fear he now became aware of a strength which trembled in his finger-tips and feet. His hands on the control stick seemed to

(Continued on p. xvi)





Johnnie Walker's goal . . .  
to present the "Cup  
that cheers" to both  
the victors and the vanquished.

JOHNNIE WALKER  
Born 1820 — Still going strong.





SNOW white racella has been cleverly manipulated to make the hat on the extreme left from Walpoles; the little wings at the side are likewise of this straw

SOME will call this Walpole hat the Baby Boy, others the American sailor and wear it at a more jaunty angle, reinforcing it with a neat spotted veil

THE hat below from Walpoles, New Bond Street, W., is made of a highly - polished straw, a petersham bow alights on the modish elongated straw bandeau

# The HIGHWAY of FASHION

by M. E. Brooke

WHITE organdie, piqué and chiffon appear on the little frocks and blouses that are in the limelight, or would it be more correct to say in the sunlight. A black dress may have a large flat cravat bow arranged diagonally on one side only, and there may be a neat collar finished with "rabbit" ears. Again, seven or eight bows may appear down the front of the corsage. There are cuffs to match and sometimes a handkerchief peeps out of a breast pocket, or puffs of chiffon may cover the elbows

PARIS has thought of a novelty and it has crossed the Channel, it is a white piqué scarf with spade-shaped ends decorated with insertions of a black wool fabric showing a geometrical design, a kilt brooch appears on the ends

ANOTHER novelty is a piqué Eton collar, the band is threaded with a silken scarf. It does not encircle the throat; on one side it just turns the shoulder, and on the other finishes two or three inches below it. The scarf is loosely knotted

THE blouse in its most attractive guise has returned to favour expressed in organdie, chiffon, silk, and wool. It is quite short and is more often than not worn beneath the skirt, there are puff sleeves many of which are slashed. Some of the loveliest affairs are of silk crochet trimmed with crystal buttons

EVERY day hats are worn more tip-tilted, indeed women have apparently taken a lesson from the cap of the messenger-boy. Walpoles, 89, New Bond Street, W., are responsible for those portrayed on this page, they may be adjusted at any angle. By the way this firm makes a feature of hats from a guinea, in large and small fittings





**Look in the Mirror the very first morning after  
you have started my treatment**

# I can promise you a clearer lovelier skin . . .

"If you were to use my Special Lotion tonight, you'd see a difference *tomorrow morning*. You could look in your mirror—in the most candid morning light—and see your skin clearer, smoother, actually *fairer* than when you went to bed. And if you followed my simple routine faithfully for two or three weeks you would see that difference *every day*—until you'd got your skin back to the utter clarity, the flawless *natural* loveliness it had when you were a child.

"I know my way is different—revolutionary even. But I believe—and I have proved it in a lifetime of study and experience—that *real soap-and-water cleansing*, with specially prepared soap, is a very big beauty secret. Nothing else really removes grease; and it is grease that attracts so fatally all the dust and germs and dangerous irritants in the air. Cyclax users massage with Skinfood night and morning; but, in the morning, after the bracing nourishing cream has done its work, they always wash it away with warm water and the rare rich-lathered Cyclax soap. Instead of greasy vanishing cream they prepare their skin for the day with a special liquid *non-greasy* powder-base; and they add the final subtle finish with powder and perhaps also cosmetics, specially prepared neither to harm the skin nor to artificialise its quiet natural charm.

"So—scientifically, methodically, Cyclax brings your skin back to perfection; cleansed *within* with Special Lotion; protected *without* by perfect daily care; made and kept lovely always by these simple means."

*Frances Hemming.*

Cyclax Preparations are obtainable from high-class Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers throughout the Country.

# cyclax

CYCLAX LTD., 58, SOUTH MOLTON ST., LONDON, W.1. PARIS: BERLIN: NEW YORK.

service advertising



**CYCLAX SPECIAL LOTION** draws acid waste from the skin. 5/6. 10/6.

**CYCLAX SKINFOOD** nourishes and braces. Special "O" Skinfood for dry skins, Special "E" Skinfood for relaxed throats, Cyclax "Baby" Skinfood for super sensitive skins. 4/-. 7/6.

**CYCLAX COMPLEXION MILK** (slightly astringent). Prevents open pores and eradicates lines. 4/-. 7/6.

**CYCLAX SOAP.** Has exceptionally abundant lather which easily removes Skin Food. Softens and whitens the skin. 3/6 per tablet.

**CYCLAX BLENDED LOTION.** A non-greasy powder base. For dry skins Cyclax Sunburn Lotion is more effective. 4/6. 8/6.

**CYCLAX CLEANSING LOTION.** Excellent for cleaning the face when washing is inconvenient. 4/-. 7/6.

**CYCLAX POWDER.** In seven shades or you can have it specially blended to suit your colouring. 3/6. 6/6.

## CYCLAX IS ENGLISH ALL THROUGH

Cyclax specialities are made in my own laboratories.

**FREE BOOKLET.** Please let me send you—quite free, of course—my own book, "The Art of Being Lovely," which I have just re-edited and reprinted. It shows you how to use Cyclax and outlines my treatment for special skin difficulties.

**FREE ADVICE.** If you cannot visit the Salon, please write to Frances Hemming, 58, South Molton Street. Every woman who seeks my advice is remembered in our correspondence files, where a record is kept of her special needs.

# SPRING TAILORING

For women who like a distinctive tailored suit there is the model below from Burberrys in the Haymarket; the original will be seen in the March of the Mannequins in these salons on May 2 and throughout the week; a cordial invitation to it is extended to all readers of this paper. The coat on the right is carried out in a new Scotch tweed; as will be seen, the formation of the lower part of the sleeve harmonises with the shape of the pocket. A very important feature is that the scarf is attached to the sides of the collar, and as a consequence can never be mislaid or get out of position. The tailored suit on the left is expressed in two-tone Saxony, and as a consequence is as appropriate for morning wear in town as for country wear in general. Again harmony prevails between the revers and the sleeves. It must not for a moment be imagined that this firm has neglected the weatherproof question, as the reverse is the case; they have something appropriate for every occasion



PICTURES BY Blake



The needs of sportswomen have received very special attention in the Burberry salons; there are the smartest of tailored suits in gay as well as in subdued colourings; they are perfectly practical and practically perfect. A new note is struck in wool shirts cut on the same lines as those for men; they have neat polo collars and are destined to be reinforced with striped and other wool ties; the sleeves have turned-back cuffs with link fasteners. For those who consider these accessories too severe there are woolly pullovers; many are quite short and may be worn inside or outside the skirt, whichever preferred. For spectators rather than for players are the altogether charming silken shirts, all of which are admirably cut and tailored. A crêpe model has a double Peter Pan collar, chromium-plated buttons and a narrow belt which passes through slots. A satin model has waterfall revers and petal cuffs of the gauntlet character; there is an elastic at the waist which is responsible for the slight fall-over effect. There are other affairs with simulated waistcoats and polo collars. Neither must it be overlooked that leather coats are cut on slender lines and are never seen to greater advantage than when worn with decorative scarves, of which there is an infinite variety





## Luxuria

### A BEAUTY FUNDAMENTAL

*Facial beauty starts with a good skin. No woman can be really attractive without it, and no woman who possesses it can be called plain.*

*LUXURIA Cream is the very foundation of a good skin. It melts deep into the pores at the touch of your fingers and removes every trace of dust and grime which spoils the clear whiteness of your skin.*

*LUXURIA does still more than cleanse. Its wonderful ingredients enrich and preserve the skin's own oils; whiten and refine the skin; keep it soft and smooth and youthful.*

#### *For A Complete Home Treatment:*

LUXURIA—Cleanses, softens, refines. 2/3, 4/6, 8/6, 11/9.

SKIN AND TISSUE BUILDER—Makes the skin firm; smooths out lines.  
4/6, 7/6, 18/9, 30/6.

EAU DE BEAUTÉ TONIC—Stimulates and brightens the skin. 4/6, 8/6.

BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM—Imparts a clear, light, flower-like loveliness.  
4/6, 7/6, 18/9, 30/6.

*What make-up should you use?*

*What is the best treatment for your skin?*

*Call at the Harriet Hubbard Ayer Salons, 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, and get expert advice. Or write there for a free booklet, "All for Beauty," which tells you how to improve your looks in your own home. Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are obtainable from all good Department Stores, Hairdressers and Chemists.*

# HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

LIMITED

## BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

### An Interesting Dress Parade.

The prices of everything were shown on the programmes at the dress parades at the Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street. Everyone must admit this is of the greatest assistance when contemplating the equipment of the wardrobe. Among the simple day frocks was one of red-and-white wool crêpe beige, red and white being present in the accessories; the cost was £4 18s. 6d., which was also the price of one of Lido blue moussé with detachable cape and white accessories. Several Court gowns were displayed; one of pink chiffon with train of silver lamé was £9 10s., while one of orchid satin with train of velvet-lined satin was £17 10s. Again there was a bridal gown in all-British artificial silk satin for £9 10s.; the bridesmaids' dresses of floral organdie lined with crêpe de chine being £8 18s. 6d. Beach pyjamas and rest gowns were also featured: there was a blue-and-white cotton beach suit for 16s., a hat being 1s. 6d. extra. There was a splendid assortment of day and evening gowns suitable for all occasions at pleasantly moderate prices.

### Freedom for the Modern Women.

All-British are the Char-naux Corset belts; they are made on one plan, and that is of fitting every figure so as to provide absolute comfort and graceful symmetry; naturally there are several types. Among their other advantages is that they are as light as lace, hygienic, washable, and cool to wear. The perforations that are arranged in an intricate pattern give support or play where each is needed. They promote activity of the abdominal muscles and gently but definitely massage away superfluous tissue. They are sold by practically all outfitters, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them, application must be made to Char-naux, 27a, Riding House Street, Great Portland Street, who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent, together with illustrated brochure.

### A Further Development of the Char-naux.

The success that has attended the Char-naux belt is responsible for a further development of this all-important accessory, and that is special garments for the well-developed woman; they embody all the excellent features of the belt, and others that are necessary for women who have more superfluous tissue than they consider becoming. Instead of fastening at the side they have a back lacing and a front fastening, and specially strengthened suspenders. They give balance to the figure and, as a consequence, have a slimming effect, neither must it be overlooked that they give support without pressure, they wear well and it is capital news that they are only £3 3s.

### The True Tailored Suit.

No one understands the art of building true tailored suits and distinctive wrap coats better than Bernard Weatherill of 55, Conduit Street. They are responsible for the models pictured on this page. The suits look remarkably well in suiting or a fine check fabric, and should be completed with a modish tuck in silk blouse or woolley. The coat is carried out in Harris tweed, but could appropriately be made of homespun; indeed, there are a variety of materials in which it might be expressed, patterns of which, with self-measurement forms, would gladly be sent gratis and post free. It seems almost unnecessary to add that the cut of everything that passes the censor at this house is perfect, and that the quality of the materials has no rivals to fear.

### A Date to be Remembered.

Everyone must make a note of May 2, as it is on that day that Lillywhites add another floor to their already large premises in Piccadilly Circus. About three years ago they migrated from the Haymarket to Piccadilly. The pessimists prophesied disaster, and the optimists looked grave and hoped for the best. This firm's courage, if so it may be called, has been rewarded with unprecedented success. On the new floor, entirely devoted to the needs of sportswomen, there will be a golf school with a professional to give lessons, for which a small fee will be charged, but practice will be free. Again, there will be a section devoted to country clothes and sports lingerie.

### "Spring Suggestions."

"Spring Suggestions" is the title of the Bedford Riding Breeches Company's (19, New Quebec Street, Marble Arch) new catalogue; it will be sent gratis and post free. The prices are extremely moderate; for instance, ladies' riding jackets and breeches are from 8s., while jackets and breeches are from 8s. 9d.; for children there are riding jackets from 37s. 6d.



A FASHIONABLE TAILORED COAT AND SUIT  
Designed and carried out by Bernard Weatherill, Conduit Street



Early  
Summer  
impressions  
on returning  
from  
by Paris

Margaret  
Barry



A new version of the tailor-made

A prediction . . . .

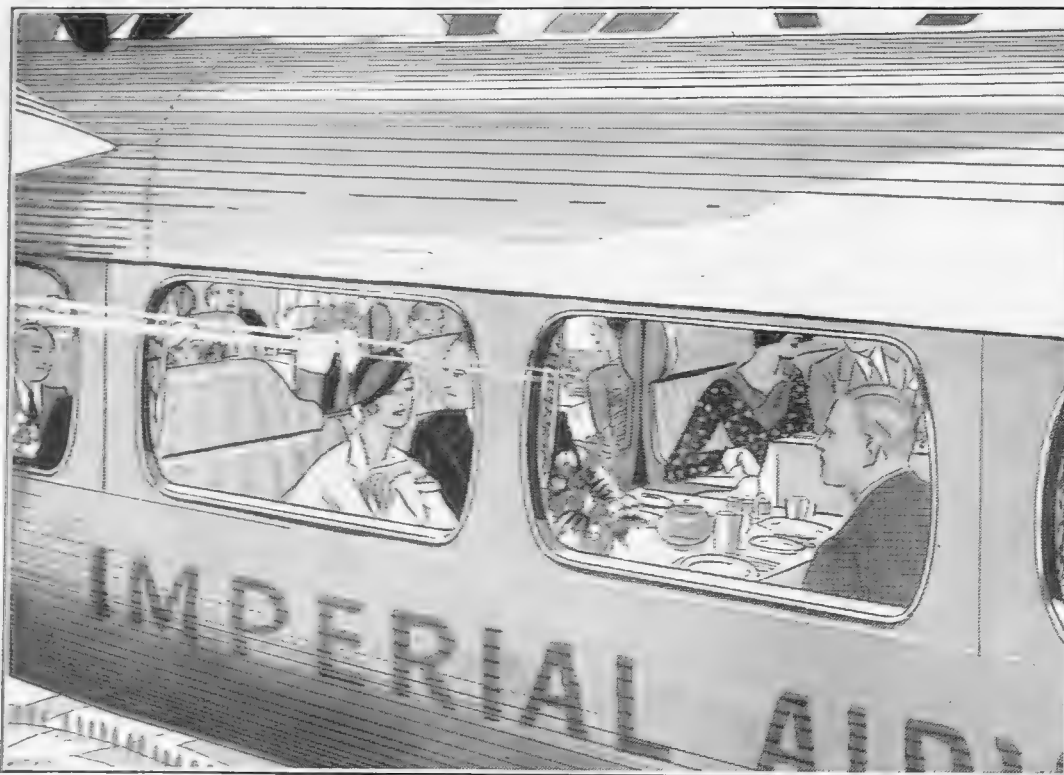
That the chic and unorthodox little tailor-made will oust all other styles during the coming season.

That the béret, panama and leghorn will reign supreme and that the panama will depend entirely on beautiful line and becoming simplicity . . . . it will be at its most attractive in white.

Sports Clothes 64, NEW BOND STREET, W.1

Hats 18, BROOK STREET, W.1

Blouses 42, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, W.1



*Silver Wing* leaves *Airway Terminus*, London (Opposite Continental Departures Platform), Victoria Station, 11.45 a.m. daily, arrives Paris *Avenue de l'Opéra* 3.30 p.m. Another service leaves *Airway Terminus* 7.45 a.m. and arrives Paris 11.30 a.m. Fares to Paris from 6 gns. return. Book for Imperial Airways at any Travel Agency or from Imperial Airways, *Airway Terminus*, Victoria Station (facing entrance to Continental Departures Platform), S.W.1. Phone: Victoria 2211 (Night and Day). 'Grams': 'Impairlim London'

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ALSO  
**SEND YOUR MAIL  
AND FREIGHT BY AIR**

THE BRITISH AIR LINE

Starts

## RECORD FLIGHT TO THE CAPE!

# K.L.G.

## PLUGS

Mr. J. A. MOLLISON  
flying a Gipsy III  
Engined D.H. Puss  
Moth - fitted with  
K.L.G. PLUGS, set  
up a new England to  
Cape Town record  
by completing the  
journey in 4 days,  
17 hrs., 19 mins.

AVIATION  
FACILITIES IN THE  
WEST COUNTRY

ARE PROVIDED BY THE

**HALDON AERODROME  
& SCHOOL OF FLYING,**  
—TEIGNMOUTH—

OFFICIAL MOTH AGENTS  
SOMERSET, DORSET,  
DEVON and CORNWALL.



SERVES:—TEIGNMOUTH 2 miles.  
TORQUAY - 7 "  
EXETER - - 10 "



# FLYING



# SECTION

## FIVE STAGES OF FLIGHT A Page of Pictorial Dual Instruction



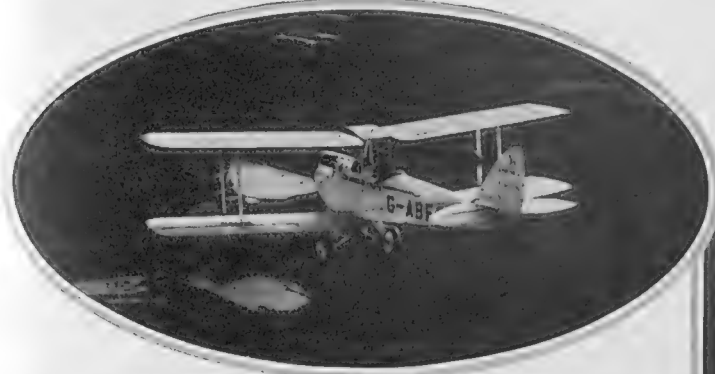
**THE TAKE OFF:** Throttle open, stick forward, tail up, and keep her straight! Here is Miss Rosalind Norman taking off for her dual instruction flight with Captain Baker. Note that the aeroplane is dead into the wind's eye, as shown by the wind-indicator on the left



**THE MOST EXCELLENT CANOPY OF THE AIR:** Captain Baker, in the front seat, is talking to Miss Rosalind Norman down the speaking tube. The air speed-indicator on the far strut can just be distinguished showing about 70 miles an hour. The machine is kept level by the horizon



**A GENTLE TURN:** Miss Norman finds no difficulty in flying level so Captain Baker tells her to try some turns, and here she is on a left-hand turn. It will be seen from the horizon that the machine's fuselage is perfectly level so that Captain Baker can have nothing to grumble about



**GLIDING DOWN: THE APPROACH AND LANDING, THE MACHINE THROTTLED DOWN**

Flying instruction under modern conditions is one of the most delightful experiences imaginable. These photographs, specially taken for "The Tatler" at Heston Airport, illustrate a complete dual instructional lesson. Captain V. H. Baker, the instructor, is in the front cockpit, while Miss Rosalind Norman, sister to Mr. Nigel Norman, who is now training for her Air Ministry licence, is in the rear cockpit. Miss Norman has done a great deal of flying as a passenger, and when with her brother on the first Heston Spring Cruise, but it was only during the last few weeks that she decided to become a pilot herself



**THE LANDING:** A fraction of a second before the landing. Miss Norman has turned the machine into the wind and judged her approach accurately so that the machine will touch about opposite the control tower. Almost exactly at the point shown in this photograph the process of flattening out for the landing began

# LIGHT AEROPLANES OF TO-DAY : By OLIVER STEWART

## Aircraft Types.

VARIETY is the spice of flight. A visit to a busy aerodrome to-day will reveal a large collection of different types of aircraft, ranging from the microscopic to the macroscopic, the streamlined to the superfluously strutted; from the bullet to the bedstead. In everything, from the arrangements of the wings to the arrangements of the seats, there is variety.

Tastes among pilots, instead of converging, seem to be diverging. In flying, *le plus ça change le plus c'est une autre chose*; fashions in aircraft alter with almost the rapidity of fashions in hats, and the results are almost as interesting. What we like to-day we dislike to-morrow, and, as aviation progresses, the types of aircraft that are being sworn by and sworn at are constantly changing places.

Lord Apsley, expressing his views in a special article in this number, leaves no doubt as to the type of machine he favours as a private aeroplane owner of much practical experience. But other private owners may take different views, and this lack of any stereotyped standard is a fascinating feature of civil aviation.

## Speech and Action.

One thing that must be guarded against, especially by the designer, is the too literal acceptance of views expressed by pilots. One finds amateur flyers who declare that what they want is a slow machine that can land anywhere and who, the next moment, incontinently go and buy a very fast machine that can land almost nowhere.

A safe definition of what constitutes a light aeroplane in this country at the present moment is that the engine shall be of less than 130 horse-power. This brings in every type that is in general use at the clubs and among private owners, and does not exclude those larger machines, such as the Saunders-Roe Cutty Sark, which have more than one power unit, but which are certainly suitable for amateur flyers.

## The Puss Moth.

Of the single-engined types the De Havilland Puss Moth is the most luxurious and at the same time the most capable. Squadron Leader Hinkler and Mr. Molison have shown that the Puss Moth can out-distance and out-speed aircraft of more than ten times its power, and private owners every day are showing that it is easy and safe to handle.

The Puss Moth is essentially a high efficiency aircraft; it does more for a given expenditure of power than almost any other aircraft in existence. And the landing disadvantages which high efficiency brings in its train are overcome by the fitting of air-brakes and wheel-brakes; the first to "kill" the flat glide when approaching, and the second to shorten the landing run.

The view is good and the comfort and silence in the cabin are unexcelled. Altogether the Puss Moth must be regarded as a master-piece of design. And although the take-off run is longer than is always convenient, the landing run is very short. In the open machine class the Tiger Moth is the counterpart of the Puss Moth. It is really a trainer, but it is ideally suited to the pilot who enjoys aerobatics and the open air.

## Avro Avian.

The only multi-seater aircraft designed expressly for private aeroplane owners which has a speed in excess of that of the Puss Moth is the Sports Avian with the Genet Super Major engine. This machine can fly at 128 m.p.h. and cruise at 115 m.p.h. It takes off quickly and is essentially a sports type of aeroplane, the first of its class. The Sports Avian can also

be bought with the Cirrus Hermes engine and with the Gipsy II when the top speeds are 120 m.p.h. and 125 m.p.h.

## Redwing.

In a class by itself among British aircraft, though the Klemm resembles it in behaviour (not in the least in any other respect) among foreign machines, is the Redwing. This is a machine with slow landing characteristics, quick take-off, and steep climb. The engine is the Genet, and the machine could hardly be improved upon by those who wish to have an aircraft they can use steadily in all conditions of visibility with a minimum of nervous strain.



THE REDWING, WITH FLIGHT-LIEUT. N. M. S. RUSSELL "UP" AT HANWORTH AERODROME  
The Redwing has side-by-side seating and a Genet engine

## Spartan.

The Spartan, which was originally the production of Mr. O. E. Simmonds, and had interchangeable wings, is a particularly robust type of aircraft, which can be bought in various forms. Gipsy II or Hermes engines can be fitted, the top speed being over 100 miles per hour in both cases. Special attention has been given to providing ample locker space in this machine.

## Bluebird.

In addition to the Redwing there is only one other open-cockpit side-by-side seater on the British market at the present moment, and that is the Blackburn Bluebird, the first machine in its class to be put into regular production with side-by-side seating. This machine is of all-metal construction, and sells for the exceptionally low figure of £595. It has been modified to take the inverted Gipsy engine, when the price is rather more. It can also be had with the Hermes, in which form it has achieved notable successes in racing.

## Active.

Single-seater aircraft appeal to large numbers of amateur flyers, as recent sales statistics prove. In this class the Arrow Active is an outstanding example with the remarkable top speed of 140 m.p.h. The Active is the last word in sports aircraft and is really the civil counter-part of the single-seater fighter. And its performance is fighter performance in speed, climb, and manoeuvrability.



THE NEWEST AUTOGIRO

This is the enclosed cabin version of the Cierva Autogiro. It has a mechanical starter for the rotor and wheel-brakes

## Comper Swift.

Another single-seater, at present better known than the Active, is the Comper Swift. The performance of this machine in the hands of Mr. Butler, and others, is sufficient testimony to its trustworthiness and speed. It was the first to use the Pobjoy engine.

## Multi-engined Aircraft.

In addition to the Avro V already mentioned there are, among the multi-engined aircraft suitable for private owners, the Saunders-Roe Cutty Sark, the Monospar, and the Segrave

Meteor. All are monoplanes, the Cutty Sark being the only amphibian among them. The Monospar embodies the special form of wing construction introduced by Mr. Stieger and Squadron Leader R. A. de Haga Haig.

## The Autogiro.

Though last, not least is the Cierva Autogiro, which is the only successful moving wing aircraft in existence. Its take-off distance is given by the manufacturers as 30 yards—or less than for any other aircraft on the market. Its landing distance in a flat calm is less than the length of the machine—which is by far the shortest landing distance for any aircraft on the market.



# BROOKLANDS...

...the Home of *FLYING* since 1907

**T**HE story of Brooklands is the story of mechanical sport, and particularly of the sport of Aviation. The first British aerodrome grew up within the boundaries of the famous motor-track; and here it was that the pioneers of Aviation in Britain struggled with their problems of flight in heavier-than-air machines.

Roe . . . Pegoud . . . Cody . . . and others of that gallant band of pioneers laid the foundations upon which rests to-day the outstanding civil organisation for the propagation of the theory and practice of flying.

Brooklands is unique . . . thorough . . . successful in training some of the world's finest air pilots, ground engineers and technical men.



Write for a copy  
of the new  
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## BROOKLANDS AVIATION LTD

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**TUITION.** Under the guidance of expert instructors (qualified pilots who have each spent half their lives in flying), private pupils are able to take up comprehensive courses with a view to qualifying for the "A" licence, or even the commercial pilot's "B" licence. Advanced Instruction, Blind Flying, Night Flying all find place in the Brooklands curriculum, together with courses in Ground Engineering, Meteorology, Aero Engine and general workshop practice. Rates are inclusive and moderate; residential accommodation is available at the School.

**SALES.** Included in the Brooklands organisation is an highly efficient Sales Department, handling all types of new and reconditioned light aircraft, engines and accessories. A machine sold by Brooklands is fully warranted to be in perfect trim, and to be absolutely airworthy. An experienced staff is ready to advise upon the performance of machines and to assist the purchaser in the choice of a suitable aircraft, with a guarantee of free service after purchase.

**SERVICE.** The Service Department embodies a finely organised workshop system providing for the speedy and expert repair and reconditioning of aircraft and engines. The mechanical staff is one that is known for its good work in connection with the Brooklands track. Contracts may be arranged for the regular servicing and housing of any private aircraft.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE AIR



With a crash from the aero engine, and dust from the tail-skid  
 flying,  
 Dashing across the ground, tail now up, goes a Bristol Bulldog;  
 Rising with every yard . . . distance is nothing;  
 Speck-like it fades in the mist, fades from our sight in a moment.  
 Meteor-like, thundering, quivering with power!  
 Onward it flies with its synchronized guns on the mounting.  
 Onward! the spirit of Nelson is with it, Nelson and Drake;  
 The spirit of towering mast-head, cannon, and round-shot,  
 Hammock, and sail, and the tossing of graceful warships;  
 Ships of the line, and the light, swift ships of the peace time;  
 Privateers, sloops, frigates, barques, Xebecs, and Scows.  
 To the call of his drum Drake has risen, but broods o'er the Channel,  
 Broods in the form of an aircraft, graceful but sturdy.  
 The spirit of sails now inhabit the craft of the air.  
 Billowing sails in the sunlight, white as the mayflower,  
 Passed with the advent of steam, the advent of steel, of the turbine,  
 Passed from the sea to the wonderful ships of the airways,  
 To the pilot of 'planes, not of sail, monsters of air, not of sea.  
 So to the men of the airways a heritage noble, full of the style  
 of the sea,  
 Broad, open, and care-free,  
 Full of the glory of England, the Queen both of airway and seaway,  
 Full of the memory of brave men, noble, and knightly:  
 This is behind all the pilots of pulsing air-liners,  
 The throbbing of engines, the noise of the wind in the wing-struts.  
 Man-made the aeroplane flies, flies from the past to the future.

# YOU CAN AFFORD HESTON NOW



You have always wanted to learn to fly at Heston — a most exclusive and most efficient flying school.



## HESTON WILL TEACH YOU NOW FOR 4 GNS. AN HOUR.

This guinea reduction has been made because we believe that 1932 will show a rapid growth in private flying. These new rates will, we hope, foster that growth.



Every pupil at Heston is treated individually, and is given a course of instruction in navigation free. The aerodrome is the most fully equipped in England. It has its own dormy hotel, restaurant, bar, customs office, wireless weather bureau, repair shops, lock-up hangars, etc. Night landing illumination equipment is just now being installed.



With lengthening evenings and better weather, now is the time to learn to fly. Drive over to Heston this week-end — make a trial flight — handle the controls yourself — see how easy and comfortable flying really is. Take tea — look round the aerodrome — watch what Heston is doing — then make up your mind. Engage a room if you like and live on the aerodrome for a week or two while you learn. You can get to your business in town in less than half-an-hour.

# HESTON

## AIRPORT

HAYES 410



# THE FEASIBILITY OF FLYING

From a Private Owner's Point of View. By LORD APSLEY, D.S.O., M.P.

**I**N the days of Tamerlane the whole of the then civilized world, that is roughly the area between Pekin—Wilna—Cairo—Delhi, was linked up by an elaborate and highly-efficient postal service by carrier pigeon. To-day there is hardly a town in England that does not boast of one or more "flying clubs" (nothing to do with that paravane in the air, the aeroplane) which carry on an equally scientific and well-organized aerial traffic for the enjoyment of their members, and I understand there are races and shows at which a certain amount of money changes hands.

The Norwegian crofter uses his skis as a means of locomotion in winter, his test is endurance and utility; when the young men run races they are cross-country races, testing their staying power and eye for country. He would not understand the Englishman's idea of ski-ing in Switzerland, in which speed and a carefully prepared course are essential.

And so with aircraft comes now the question: Is flying a sport, a "pastime of the idle rich," or has it reached the stage of practical utility leading to the realm of absolute necessity?

Let us first of all discard those two imposters—optimistic hallucination and pessimistic prejudice. These are not symptoms of the age: the clash, as some would have it, between a restless young generation and a staid, sober, and careful older generation, peculiar to the twentieth century; for they have existed in all ages.

With regard to the former Dr. Johnson wrote in 1784: "I suppose our seaports to become deserted villages and Salisbury Plain and Newmarket Heath arising into dockyards for aerial vessels. In those days Old Sarum will again be a town and have houses in it. There will be fights in the air with wind-guns and bows and arrows." It took 140 years before Dr.

Johnson's day-dream came true, although Eros is the only aircraft that plies the bow and arrow with satisfactory results.

In my room I have a coloured print depicting a perfectly good high wing monoplane with twin "pusher" airscrews, driven apparently by a steam engine in the yacht-shaped fuselage cruising over the pyramids. It is dedicated to the directors of the Aerial Transit Company, 1843, and affects to be a portrait of their first ship, the *Ariel*. The company was apparently floated but I fear the shareholders lost their money.

In the case of the latter, I cannot help being reminded of the picture of the old lady in "Punch" standing on a railway platform, whose niece, pointing to an aeroplane flying overhead, asked her if she ever felt a desire to fly. "No, my dear," she replies. "I prefer to travel by the railway train as the Almighty always intended we should."

And yet in 1850 so shrewd and by no means conservative-minded a man as the Duke of Wellington wrote: "I cannot bear seeing or hearing of ladies going alone by the Trains on the Railroads. . . . If I could attain my object no Lady should ever go by a Train, at all events without protection. It is horrible altogether."

Let us then avoid these and get down to real facts.

Personally I think flying has reached the stage of motoring in, say, 1905. No longer a "dangerous adventure" except in the case of high-speed races or long-distance pioneer flights, but not yet practical everyday utility.

Motoring in those days entailed warm overcoats, goggles, special headgear (and veils for ladies), high speed, noise, and dust, with the added uncertainty of reaching your destination in time, if at all.

Flying to-day is rather similar. You can visit a friend for a week-end (if he has a big enough field to land in or an adjacent aerodrome) but you cannot get to the office daily by 10 a.m.: Fog, headwinds, short days in winter, and hayfields in summer are your bug-bears.

Nor have British aircraft designers attempted yet to cater for the everyday flying owner pilot. Speed, climb, noise—yes. Silence, visibility, the capacity to land and take off in any field—no. The day of the "Silent Knight" is not yet. The nearest approach is the Klemm monoplane with a Pobjoy engine, though it is still too noisy for pleasure, and the Salmson, though quiet, not powerful enough for safety. But it is German and difficult to obtain, and no British firm has yet realized the advantages of this type of machine.

Prices also are far too high. Especially engines. Considering the simplicity of an aircraft engine compared to that of a motor-car the prices are ridiculous. None of the great manufacturing firms such as Morris or Austin have ventured into the market yet with an inexpensive and reliable light aeroplane engine.

Lastly, overhead charges are far too high for the average private owner. If you are lucky and have your own hangar and landing ground at home, and your own chauffeur capable of looking after your machine, you can compete, but otherwise I cannot recommend an aeroplane to the man of moderate or even comfortable means.

Your club or airpark will look after your machine carefully and efficiently, but they will charge you carefully also:

"To removing cowling, altering position of altitude control lever, checking and adjusting tappets, running up engine on test and replacing No. 9 plug. Replacing cowling, 10s. 6d."

Of course, you could do that yourself; and many do. But not if you have to be in the office at 10 a.m. and start back for home at 5 p.m.

How then, say you? Pleasure—yes. There is no sport like flying, no landscape or seascape like the sky with its constantly changing moods and lights. Nowhere so free from the trammels and bothers of this comic world, as above the clouds. But utility? No; at any rate not yet.

And please could more designers give us a light-powered, low-winged monoplane with a self-starter, retractable undercarriage, and navigation lights, including a strong headlight just below the nose in case we get delayed by headwinds and have to land in the dark?



MR. H. NIGEL ST. V. NORMAN

Who, with Mr. Muntz, founded Heston Airport, the aerodrome that has now become one of the leading civil aerodromes in the country



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# CLUB FLYING AND THE FUTURE

By OLIVER STEWART

## The "Tatler" Scheme.

IT is almost exactly a year ago to-day that THE TATLER made an announcement which created a sensation among amateur flyers. It offered to its readers free trial flying lessons, and, to the pupils showing most promise at every one of the leading clubs and flying schools in the country, free instruction to the point of obtaining the Air Ministry "A" Licence.

No other journal had ever offered such generous help to amateur flying, and, although there have been since many imitations of the flying scholarship scheme, nothing approaching the scale of THE TATLER scheme has been attempted or seems likely to be attempted. The support which THE TATLER received from the twenty-three clubs and schools concerned, from private aeroplane owners and from the general public, was most gratifying, and indicated in a positive manner the widespread interest in light aeroplane flying.

The scheme went through without a hitch, largely owing to this support, and the pupils obtained their licences. But, more than that, those who benefited by the scheme have not forgotten that THE TATLER gave them their opportunity. Letters reaching the office show that THE TATLER'S effort has been fully appreciated wherever there are people who are interested in aviation.

## Increase in Flying.

SINCE THE TATLER scheme was launched—and it is to be hoped that in this it played some part—the number of flying clubs and of private aeroplane owners has been multiplied many times over, and to-day there are more than sixty flying clubs in Great Britain, and there are thirteen schools of flying. In Canada there are twenty-three clubs, in Australia ten, in New Zealand twenty-one, in South Africa seven, and in India seven. It is a remarkable and significant development.

In addition to the flying clubs there is a very large number of gliding clubs with a membership of many thousands; all the members are potential power-aeroplane flyers. With this as the basis it is hazardous to estimate how far development will proceed this year. Judging from the activity already noticeable at the London and near-London aerodromes, I think that progress is still accelerating.

At the end of the present season a further large increase in clubs and membership numbers is certain; it may be even larger than anyone has dared to predict. The subsidies to the selected clubs—now less than half of the total are being continued, and the agreement this time covers a period of five years, so that clubs will be able to plan ahead. Moreover, the basis of granting the subsidy is in many ways an improvement upon the previous system, which did not permit any club to earn the full amount, and only permitted the majority to earn about a quarter of the full amount.

## Aerodromes.

Progress has also been made in obtaining more landing grounds and aerodromes, though in this the movement has been much slower than in the actual flying. Clubs, hotels, and municipalities are now coming forward a little more readily with aerodrome schemes. Many of them are still unable fully to appreciate what they gain from having a good aerodrome, but even the most backward are beginning to realize that it may be worth their while to arrange that flyers can reach them as well as motorists and travellers by train.

In some parts, however, there is still a risk that all the available ground for aerodromes will be built over before any spaces can be set aside for aviation. In London itself it is time that some moderate and not too

costly or too revolutionary internal aerodrome scheme should be brought before the public with the aim of gaining support for it. For private and club flying there are enough suitably placed London aerodromes at the moment; but in the near future the need for a large airport right in the centre of the London area will become imperative.

Here is an opportunity for those who interest themselves in town-planning. An aerodrome is essentially a pleasant place both to look at and to visit. It is open to the sky and there are no smoking chimneys on it. Around it there should be a margin, even if a narrow one, of open fields. Such an aerodrome would be a relief and a balm in the slag-heap cities of to-day. It would be of commercial and cultural value.

## Coming Events.

IN the matter of air displays, air pageants, and air race meetings, this season is well provided for, the first important meeting being the Household Brigade Aero Club's meeting at Heston on May 18, to be followed almost immediately on the Saturday by the Cross-Country air race which Heston is also staging.

The London-Newcastle air race is on the next Saturday, May 28, and then there is the King's Cup air race on July 8 and 9 at Brooklands Aerodrome. Out of London there is the Bristol Meeting, which is likely to be up to standard, and a large number of club meetings. Outside civil flying there will be the R.A.F. display at Hendon on July 2, the week before the King's Cup air race.

On the whole, therefore, whatever may be the general, industrial, and financial position of the country or the Continent, the position of amateur flying in Great Britain is satisfactory. Indeed it is hard to find a single other activity in which there are such good grounds for hoping that prosperity will put in a prolonged appearance. Flying, like everything, has been hit by the depression. But it does not seem to have been hit so severely—or else it has greater buoyancy owing to its youth. At any rate, as the figures that have been quoted testify, it is still moving forward at an increasing speed and shows not the slightest sign in any of its manifestations of fatigue or failure. And let us believe, as believe we may, that the back of the slump is broken!



AT BROOKLANDS

Mr. S. A. Thorn with the "blind flying" Moth belonging to the Brooklands School of Flying. The hood goes completely over the pupil's head when he is learning to fly by instruments



ENGAGED

Mr. R. L. Preston, hon. secretary of the Household Brigade Flying Club, with Miss Pitcairn at Hanworth Aerodrome. Their engagement has recently been announced



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## THE UNKNOWN AIR FIGHTER—continued from p. 132

convey into the aeroplane his own volitions. The aeroplane responded with the completest accord. And somewhere deep within him was that murderous desire. The hatred of his brother officers he now returned tenfold. He loathed them for their superiority, especially now that he felt that if he wanted to he could overcome all five of them.

"He surged with confidence and power. As he put it to me he seemed 'all mind and no body.' As if he was flying the machine by thought while his vulnerable body was far away. Rather a significant idea as you will see in a moment.

"I was leading, and we had been climbing gently as usual. I had seen Alfred get out of his machine while it was still on the aerodrome, and go away towards 'C' Flight shed; but I did not see him come back. I thought that he had made one of his usual excuses and left the patrol. I was rather surprised, therefore, when I saw his machine take off and start climbing up towards us. We were at about 5,000 ft. at the time.

"Alfred took his place in the formation before we turned for the lines. And for some reason, although I had at first been angry that he should fall out, now that he had come back I was frightened. I was worried about the effect he would have on the rest of the patrol. I felt an intense distrust of him. There was something peculiar about him, and I was afraid that he might do something that would jeopardize the patrol. It did not occur to me then that he might actively turn treacherous; but I felt that I did not want him with us.

"However, there was nothing to be done. I frankly confess I had the wind up as a result of the previous day's fighting. I expected we should be for it the moment we got across the lines, and I knew it would be good fortune and nothing else if more than three of us got back. I expected a heavy attack by German aircraft. But I did not expect what actually happened.

"Our instructions were to patrol a certain line—I forget the two points now—but it was a good eight miles over, and there was a strong west wind blowing. At 18,000 ft. I estimated that wind was blowing at about thirty-eight miles an hour, and due west. If we got involved in a dog fight we should drift farther and farther over.

"At 19,000 ft. I turned to the lines with misgiving, and we were soon being heavily archied. The patrol kept well together and Alfred remained with us, flying close on Robinson's left hand. It was curious that he should keep with the patrol long enough to be Archied.

"Another curious thing was that I noticed Alfred deliberately turning and flying through the Archie smoke when the shells burst near his machine. In the state of cold feet I was then in, searching the sky with all my might to avoid being surprised, I was furious with him. He seemed to be playing the fool when our lives were in danger.

"We had gone up and down once when Archie suddenly ceased. You know what that usually meant. I frantically searched the sky, but could see nothing. Yet the next instant we were in the thick of it.

"Right out of the sun they came at us, some said ten, some twelve, some twenty; all of them triplanes painted all the colours of the rainbow and flown by men who could do everything except make their machines talk.

"A pair of guns rushed at me from behind, barking wide open. In my centre section the fabric ripped, a strut splintered, my Aldis crumpled up in the middle like a bent newspaper. I was frightened to death but I got busy. I pulled her round to find coloured triplanes diving on me from all sides. The sky was streaked with tracer and incendiary, guns rattled and roared without it being possible to see where the machines carrying them were.

"I turned and twisted all I knew, searching for the others, hoping that if we kept together and conserved our height we might yet be able to hold our own. Our powers of manoeuvre were enormous—you remember the Camel—and we

(Continued on p. xviii)



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The H.H. ran their recent Point-to-Point over a good line in this part of the world. One of Lord Templemore's seats is Upton, Alresford, Hants. Lord Templemore, who was then in the Royal Fusiliers, was in a rather exclusive operation, the Tibet one of 1904, and present at the taking of Gyantse Jong, whose jingals jingled and banged so unpleasantly during that picturesque night attack



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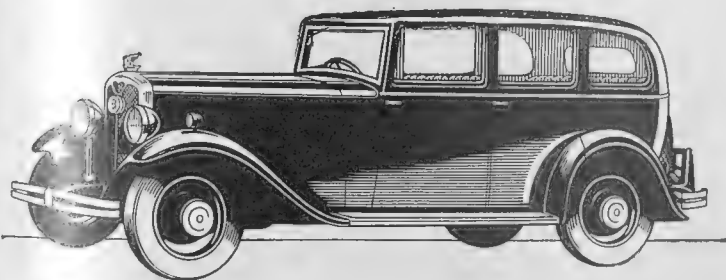
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NORMAN HALL



## THE UNKNOWN AIR FIGHTER—continued from p. xvi

were flying near our ceiling where we were particularly good. But the way those Germans came at us was a revelation. They seemed to pour down from the sky in every direction endlessly. Nothing stopped them, and it was hardly possible to get a sight on one of them for a fraction of a second without having a gun crackling right in one's ear.

"The first of our machines that I saw was Robinson's. It had his kangaroo marking on the top plane, and right on its tail at what seemed a few feet away was a bright green German triplane, while tracer streaked between them. I started to dive to the rescue and, at the same instant, there was a rattle and a roar in my ear and I had to pull out and turn to the machine that was attacking me.

"When I could glance again there was Robinson's aeroplane with black smoke pouring out and a flaming red patch along the right side of the fuselage. The German was still sitting on his tail pumping lead into him. It was butchery; and the shattering scream of those guns went into me like red-hot needles.

"I caught a glimpse of Williamson, my sub-leader, with two Germans fastened to him like terriers on a rat and I tried to get to him. He was fighting splendidly—I never knew poor old Williamson had it in him—he was throwing his Camel about like a juggler with a top hat. At one moment he was diving vertically; at another he had pulled up and was standing on his tail and at another side-slipping to beat hell. I tried to get to him but it was useless. It was every man for himself, then, for those Germans never stopped. They came again and again, and every shot was an aimed shot and if it didn't hit, it came so near that the bullet's whistle ripped the guts out of you.

"The Germans were crowding on us; for it was clear that they didn't intend to let one man get home. Then came that extraordinary incident.

"I saw Williamson again, much lower now, with three Germans on top of him milling round him. I realized that he was for it. He was losing height. They were going for him again and again, driving the noses of their machines, as it seemed, right into him.

"Then something fell past me like a flash of lightning.

"In the brief glimpse I got I saw that light beige colour which showed that it was a Camel. It was diving like I have never seen a Camel dive before or since. It was a terminal velocity dive if ever there was one, with a bit of extra from somewhere put in.

"It fell like a bomb straight on to one of the Germans that were attacking Williamson. And it made no attempt to pull out of that dreadful dive until I thought that it must crash into the triplane.

"I could see its guns were going by the tracer. And, my God! they were going hard. I've seen many a speeded Vickers in full blast. I've fired 'em so often that I can tell a stoppage by the smell. But these guns were going in what looked like a constant stream. They were like hoses, pouring out solid streams of lead and tracer smoke.

"The German machine's top plane gently folded over and the machine fell into a spin, one wing wrapped round the body. Immediately the Camel swept up and over in a huge Immelmann turn and went straight down for another of the Germans who was attacking Williamson. The Camel closed right up with that triplane, pushing its nose up under its belly, and then, and not till then, the guns streamed again. The German belched black smoke—fell like a flaming torch.

"As the Camel turned away I saw whose it was—Alfred's.

"All this had happened with extraordinary swiftness, as things did in those air battles, and I found myself again engaged with two Germans. They came at me from both sides simultaneously, pulling out of their dives, one to the right and one to the left. My rev'-counter suddenly splintered, and I felt a kick on the left elbow as if a 15-in. shell had hit me.

"I engaged those two machines as well as I could; but it was ineffectual work and I found myself feeling faint. The light seemed suddenly to grow dim.

"With an effort I pulled my fading consciousness back and turned and turned, with my head pressed back by the centrifugal loads, and the whole time seeking to trick the aim of those two triplanes.

"Again faintness threatened to overcome me. I had got to straighten out. Yet I knew that to straighten out meant certain death. To fly straight for an instant meant certain death. Yet I had to do so. I was fainting.

"For some reason—I did not know what, though I suspected—I was weakening rapidly. The terrific centrifugal loads of the constant vertically banked turns were telling on me and it was essential, if I was to keep conscious, to fly straight.

"Yet to fly straight meant a bullet through the back—or would have meant but for Alfred.

"He passed me, as I told you before, with nothing more than inches between our wings. I looked momentarily into his cockpit and saw him clearly. More clearly in that bright sun, 17,000 ft. up—for we had lost some height—than I see you now. And even in my dazed condition I knew at that instant a horror such as I had never before experienced. The face was Alfred's. Yet something in the expression was foreign to Alfred. The weak face behind the goggles had suddenly taken on a ghastly luminosity. A sort of shine seemed to suffuse it, and to light it up from within, and through the goggles the eyes seemed to burn like

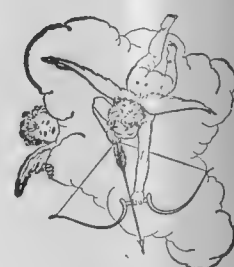
(Continued on p. 13)



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Incidentally, in view of the increased wear, the extra expense is ultimately economical. It is also impossible to impart perfect style and character into a coat unless it is sewn by expert "log" hand labour. The importance of these unseen workmen cannot be over-emphasized: they are as necessary as the cutters themselves, for the most brilliant cutter is useless unless his "log" hands are of the best. The amazingly high standard of our own workmanship is a primary factor in our success.

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But often tradition is synonymous with old-fashioned and stereotyped methods, and it is regrettable that some of these first-class houses, while building clothes of highest workmanship, are out of date in style.

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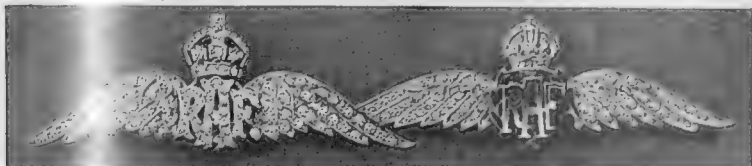
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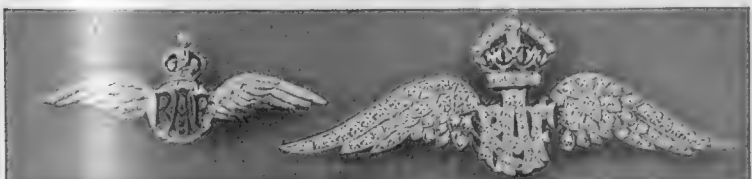
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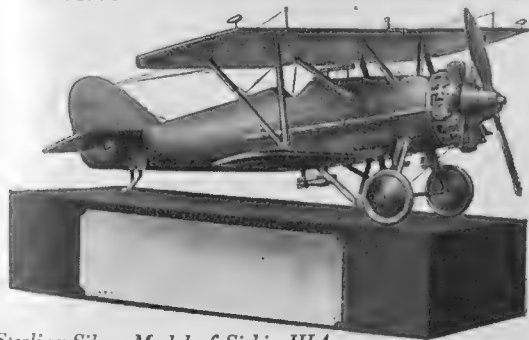
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crepe studded soles that are invisible in  
wear. Leather heel, in black or brown.  
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### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Fortnum & Mason thank the craftsmen and artists whose magnificent work on behalf of British shoemaking has made this Exhibition possible

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## THE UNKNOWN AIR FIGHTER—continued from p. xviii

points of fire. It was a terrifying sight, and also revolting. There was a suggestion of the murderer and the fanatic and something more, something I have never to this day been able to analyse.

"You know what happened. The Camel of Alfred's reached up for the upper of the two German triplanes as a man might reach up for a book on a shelf. It reached up and took that triplane and riddled it and tore it to pieces. Then it swung round and the second machine was its prey.

"I watched fascinated and horrified. I knew that I was in the presence of an invincible power, force, or call it what you like.

"And that second German seemed also to know it. He seemed to realize that here was skill beyond anything he had ever met.

"He seemed suddenly panic-stricken, and he dived furiously. He dived furiously away with engine running at full throttle.

"No mouse ever ran more ineffectually from the cat that is playing with it.

"Alfred the white-livered, the coward, the cringing, swooped down like the descending paw of a tiger, and I shuddered as I saw once again those two deadly guns streaming lead.

"The rest of the battle you know. Alfred alone accounted for six machines according to the official decision, actually I am positive that it was more.

"We got back, all except Robinson. I had my little arm-wound dressed. Then I went to see Alfred. He was being congratulated by everyone, and I need not tell you that he was the most popular man in the squadron that night. And that very night the order recalling him to England was received. The C.O. wished he had never asked for that order, as you can imagine. But it had gone through, so Alfred left the squadron.

"It was the next night that we went in to Amiens together, he on his way home, me to take him to the station in the Squadron Crossley. And

it was then that he told me about his experience before that patrol, and, still more extraordinary after."

"Why, was there some sequel?" Mitchell asked, as the other paused.

"Not exactly a sequel. Alfred said that he remembered the fight in detail. He found that he possessed an extraordinary confidence in his own powers—rather as he had felt in his fantasies—that he had no sensation of fear at all, and that his Camel responded in an altogether remarkable way; so that he could do anything he wanted with it.

"He remembered starting back for the aerodrome after the battle. But he never remembered landing.

"After starting back he had again that sensation of blackness that overcame him at the start, and the next thing he knew was that he was getting up on his feet in that identical dark corner of the old barn behind 'C' flight hangar, where he had gone before the patrol started.

"He went out on to the aerodrome and found people congratulating him. He went over to his machine. It had many mechanics round it. The wings were full of bullet-holes; they counted forty-seven. A landing wire had been shot away and the A.S.I. shattered; but the most curious thing of all, and one that he himself could never explain, was that, through the back of the seat, only just clear of the tank, there was a close group of three bullet-holes, and in the instrument board again, just in front of where the pilot sits—where Alfred must have been sitting at the time—there was an exactly corresponding group of bullet-holes.

"Had anyone been sitting in that pilot's seat at the time those holes were made, his body must have been drilled by the bullets at about the level of the heart."

The photographs of Five Stages of Flight on p. vii in this issue were taken by Aerofilms, Ltd.



MR. CHRISTOPHER JEFFREYS AND MISS PORTAL

A snap taken at a recent Point-to-Point in Hampshire, the H.H. one to be precise, and the races were run over Horton Farm, Faringdon

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**PLAYER'S** "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

100'S BOXES 4s. FLAT TINS OF 50 2s.



Hay Wrightson

## THE HON. DIANA CARLETON

The elder daughter of Lord and Lady Dorchester, who is engaged to Viscount FitzHarris, the only son of the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury

## In June.

Some time in June, Mr. A. Glendon Hill of the Colonial Agricultural Service, Mauritius, and Miss Elaine C. Phelan, the daughter of the late Mr. C. B. Phelan of Vancouver, are to be married in Mauritius; on June 18, Mr. Leslie Dunstan

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Russell, Royal Artillery, who is the youngest son of the late Mr. Arthur Russell and Mrs. Russell, M.B.E., of Malton, Yorkshire, marries Miss Ethel Muriel Turnbull, the younger daughter of the late Mr. Edgar Turnbull and Mrs. Turnbull of Whitby, Yorkshire, and the wedding will be at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

## In the Summer.

July is the month fixed for the marriage between Dr. David Ogmores Williams, B.M., B.Ch., of Park Lodge, Horsham, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Williams of Pentwyn, Bridgend, and Miss Joyce Evelyn Boyd, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Boyd of Piper's Croft, Nuthurst, Sussex.

## Recently Engaged.

Mr. Peter Boddington, the third son of the late Mr. Arnold Boddington and of Mrs. Boddington, Greswolde, Solihull, Warwickshire, and Miss Elsie Marion Gray, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gray of Carrick House, Hatch End, Middlesex; Mr. William Gilbertson, the eldest son of Mr. Cecil Gilbertson and the late Mrs. Gilbertson of Abercrave House, Abercrave, South Wales, and Miss Joan Barbara Hann, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Hann, of Lanelay Hall, Pontyclun, South Wales; Mr. James Francis Cooper, the son of the late Mr. John Cooper, Fleet Paymaster, R.N., and Mrs. Cooper of The Stud Farm, Halstead, Kent, and Dr. Rosaleen Graves, the daughter of the late Mr. A. P. Graves and Mrs. Graves of Erinfa, Harlech, North Wales; Lieutenant J. G. Stuart Cunningham, R.N., the son of Engineer Captain J. E. G. Cunningham, M.V.O., R.N., and Mrs. Cunningham of Amalfi, Newquay, Cornwall, and Miss Doris Glegg-Smith, the daughter of Lieutenant W. Glegg-Smith, O.B.E. (late R.N.V.R.), and Mrs. Glegg-Smith of Mary Tavy, Devon; Mr. Stewart Bellhouse of Molo, Kenya Colony, and Miss Cynthia Foster-Melliard, the daughter of Mr. R. A. Foster-Melliard and Mrs. Foster-Melliard of Bude, Cornwall.



Lafayette

## MR. AND MRS. FITZJOHN OLDHAM

Who were married on April 6. Mr. Frederick William Fitzjohn Oldham is the only son of the late Sir Ernest Fitzjohn Oldham and Lady Oldham, and his wife was formerly Miss Thereza Jessie Hawes, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Hawes of 171, Victoria Street, S.W., and Holly Hill, Meopham, Kent.

## "Well, of all the topping times!..."

"...Ralph, why haven't you brought me here before?"

"Because you've always said you were sure the racing would be dull and the people impossible."

"Well, I've changed my mind. Look, they're off! Gosh, aren't they moving! Come on, Honey Bunch! Up—oh, glorious! We've won again...."

"That's the last one. Better toddle along to the car. Liked it?"

"Liked it? Why, if you don't swear now to bring me to the very next meeting I'll never speak to you again."

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In the club enclosure members may dine luxuriously and in perfect comfort and at the same time enjoy all the delights of Greyhound racing where every facility is available, with an unobstructed view of the track. Application for membership should be made to The Secretary, Greyhound Racing Club, White City.



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*This Model Coat is in pure White Russian Ermine, with collar of Silver and White Fox; the very effective Cape-Stole is in natural White Ermine.*

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PARK 1200

*Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.*



## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 124)

Then there was all the fun the Calcutta Light House used to have when sent to put it across rivers and religious persons and the reception they used to get marching back from the "war" through the purlieu of that City of Dreadful Night from the country and cities from the Dumbium provinces, Vienna and every other wicked place on the Black Sea front, as was nothing at the house whose home town was on the Bosphorus and the beautiful Sea of Marmora. "Amen" every one off them from 1873 onwards as the S.S. knew very well, but very warm hearted and a lot of gratitude as having been used from a while and as the hands off the murderous border of the Hindu and Moslem population! The amount of some stuff they called "Chumpine" was a lot less retail price (than six bob a bottle) the officers and men could have had *five yards* and for nothing at home & am. onwards will be well remembered by not a few. Happy days! And well did the women deserve the honour of being the special possession of every Viceroy who came to India!! I am sure that all these traditions are upheld by the present Calcutta House. However, his officers and men, and the present admiral who, I hope, is doing his best to follow in the footsteps of that other Central India House admiral, James Goulie. I do not now whether they have elephant possessions on leave occasions in Calcutta nowadays. They the elephants were quite usual in James Goulie's time for they seemed to possess a fond attraction for him. To tell you why would be rather too long a story at the moment.

There would never about the *Cutty Sark* and the other beautiful things with white wings which used to sail the ocean blue. Have brought to me a sack of leaves and I can hardly keep



ON THE SPEY: MRS. RUPERT CLUTTERBUCK

With the rise in the level of the river this month after the long drought the prospects have improved greatly. Mr. Clutterbuck is on the Elchies stretch, and has killed a good fish or so. Captain and Mrs. Clutterbuck are fishing this reach of the Spey

upside with them and the interest of the amateur sailor, the longshoreman, and the mere land-lubber in masts and sails appears to be intense. The Navy don't want to have anything to say to masts and sails—at least, so says "The Mariner" with whom we have been crossing swords. Here is a most interesting letter from a mere soldier, Major C. S. K. Pollard:

About your note in "Pictures in the Fire," H.M.S. *Enrydlice* was originally a thirty-two gun wooden frigate, launched at Portsmouth, May 20, 1843, refitted as a training ship in 1877. She was full-rigged, 140 ft. long between perpendiculars, 78 ft. extreme breadth, 921 tons burden, old measurement, and could accommodate a crew of about 400 men. She was lost in a gale off Dunmore Head, Isle of Wight, March 24, 1878, when returning home from the West Indies. She was carrying four topmast storm sails at the time. The above details are from "The Illustrated London News," April 4, 1878. May I venture to ask why you say that "sails and masts died with *Cutty Sark* in 1869." In that very year was built *Thermopylae* (Aberdeen White Star), a more beautiful ship and as fast as or faster than, *Cutty Sark*, and in subsequent years many good ships were built, such as *Cadric the Swallow*, a beautiful ship that lasted well on into the present century. I wonder if you were in Calcutta, as I was, in (I think) 1906, when for the first time in the history of the port there was no deep-sea sailing ship in the fleet. The breadth of *Enrydlice* seems rather more in proportion to her length, but I have copied the data from the original.

I think when Mr. Frank Bowser in his "Golden Age of Sail," spoke of *Cutty Sark* as the "end," he spoke generally and loosely. I am grateful for the details about *Enrydlice*. I had not reached double figures in my innings when she was sunk, but remembered the incident from a picture my father painted of it. As to *Thermopylae* my correspondent says further that her maiden passage of sixty-three days, anchor to anchor, London to Melbourne in 1869 was, he thinks, distinctly quicker than anything *Cutty Sark* accomplished.



**THE FAMOUS SCOTCH WHISKY  
THAT COMPASSES THE FOUR  
QUARTERS OF THE EARTH  
UNITING MANKIND IN  
THE SPIRIT OF CHEER  
AND HOSPITALITY**

# MUST BE NEARLY THREE O'CLOCK



(Copyright by J. C. ENO, LTD.)

(Photo by Yevonde)

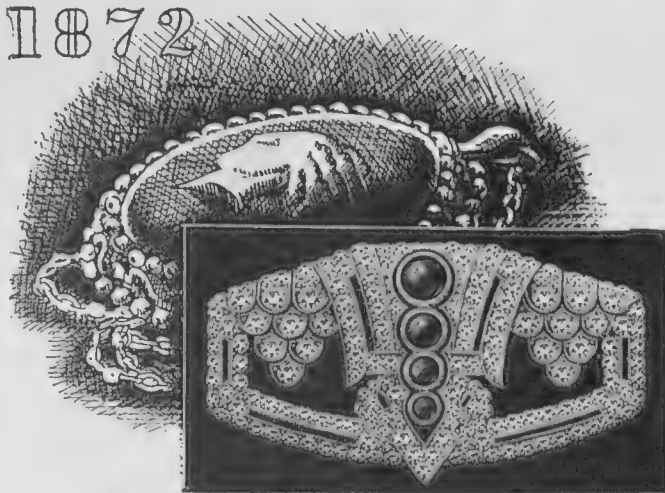
**N**OW the clock does tick and the mind does race from one silly thing to another. All the new, smooth places in the bed used up and as hot as oven plates, and half the bed clothes on the carpet. Can't get to sleep—simply can't—simply can't. Well, the next time you're like this don't thump the pillow any more, but follow this wise example. Just a dash of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" in half a tumbler of water. It's very cool, very clear, and oh! how wet and welcome! It takes the fever and the fret out of your system and gives you a fresh start. Try again now, and you'll succeed.

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BI. 232

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1932

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**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 128

that he "gets more fun out of it," and there is a lot in that. Would it be too much to say that 1932 is going to be a conspicuously "Ten" year? On the face of things I should say not. A good many might suppose, not unreasonably, that this modest class of car has little more than domestic significance, and that its scope of utility depended largely upon the equable temperature and the easy roads of Great Britain, and at one time I frankly confess that I should have thought so myself. But just recently I have had correspondence from overseas which tells me that, in places where motoring conditions are definitely difficult, our gallant British "Tens" are more than holding their own; in fact, on the score of their economy and other attractions they are establishing themselves in markets which hitherto had been given, *holus-bolus*, over to the Americans. It is very jolly to hear this sort of thing, for it conveys the idea that some day this nation of shop-stewards will become so prosperous that a little leniency may well be extended to the tax-payer.

**Alarms and Excursions.**

Motor-cars are so good nowadays that it is only rarely that one can find fault with them. Of course they could all be improved, but seldom do they show radical faults. Now and again, however, circumstances arise that demonstrate that the claim to practical perfection is terribly hollow. For example, I was disagreeably reminded the other morning that a short but violent storm of sleet and rain could so affect a brake system that, in

a manner of speaking, you could say that it ceased, for all practical purposes, to exist. Lucky it was for me that the usual train of lorries left their usual margin upon the left side of the road so that I could just scrape by them on the inside, busily changing down so as to get some means of retardation. I wonder how many hapless wights have been got into difficulties by the simple fact that water had entered their brake-drums! This is not as it should be. It is all very well for someone to tell me, when I take a car "off the wash" that I must not count upon the brakes being really effective for the first few miles; with that state of affairs I am quite familiar, for one of my best-loved cars suffered so much from this fault that after it had been (rarely) laved I drove it in bottom gear with all the brakes hard on for a quarter of a mile! To this

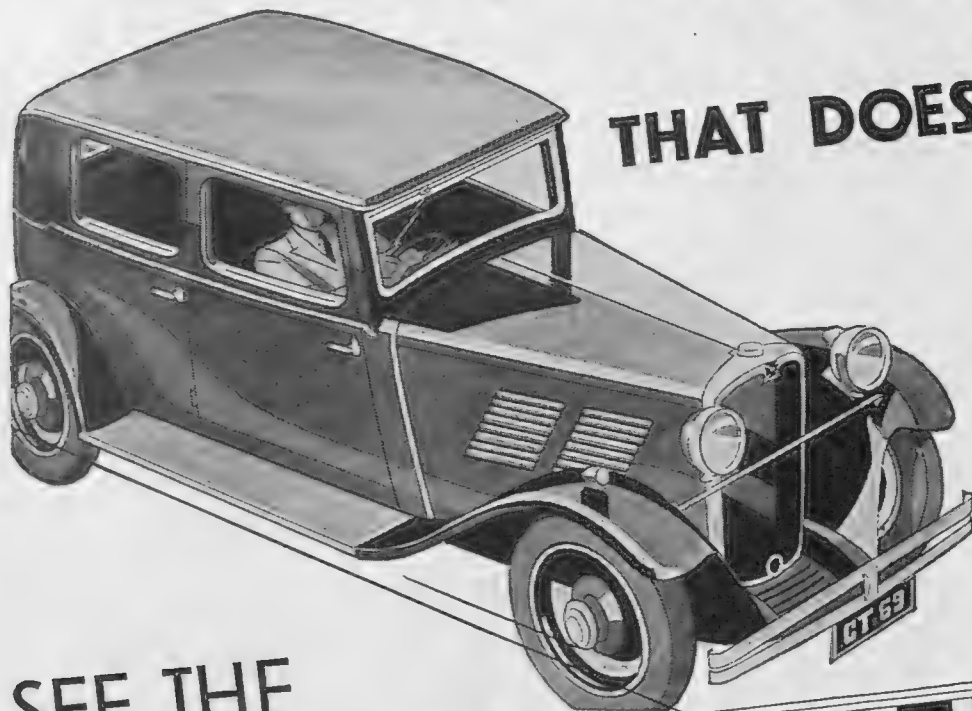
corrective I could not raise much objection, for a high-pressure water-jet has vast powers of penetration. But I should have thought that the modern designer of brakes would have foreseen the possibility of brisk rainstorms and guarded against it. Surely he can devise means whereby wet is prevented from getting to the vital shoes! Surely he could recognise that, under certain conditions, water is a remarkably good lubricant. There are two things, and two things only, in a motor-car that have the potentiality of frightening me; one is a front-wheel skid and the other is brake failure. Sitting comfortably at my desk I can analyse the causes which bring them about and, taking my time over it, decide what should be done. But, like all other motorists, I never do the right thing in an emergency—and I have the liveliest objection to the element of surprise. But nevertheless one has to be ready for it!



MISS HEATH AND MISS TOYNBEE AND TWO SPEY GHILLIES

Miss Toynbee and Miss Heath are cousins, and this picture was taken at the famous long pool of the Knocklands beat of the Spey, which Miss Toynbee has rented from Lord Woolavington. The fish is a 10-pounder which Miss Heath landed

## THERE IS A TEN HORSE POWER CAR THAT DOES OVER 65 IN TOP



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# CROSSLEY TEN

and does it with perfect safety and comfort. There is a light car that offers you spacious comfort and smooth riding over every road. An economical light car, untiring to drive, distinguished to own and with a truly delightful performance

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'Why isn't Summer Shell  
ready yet?'

## MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

At this time of year many are turning their thoughts to holidays, and not a few to the caravan holiday, but notwithstanding the increasing number of caravans on the road, folks are still asking questions as to the practical details of such a holiday. Should we be comfortable?



THE ECCLES LIGHT-WEIGHT TWO-ROOM CARAVAN-TRAILER

Would my car tow a trailer? Generally speaking, a caravan on its own motor may be dismissed, as, except for those who are fortunately blessed with this world's goods, the price is prohibitive, chiefly on account of having to buy a chassis for the job, which has to be taxed and is practically useless except for the comparatively brief period when one is caravanning. For this reason by far the greatest number of people favour the trailer, as it is readily attached to their motor-car, and there is no extra licence. Insurance is effected with the people who hold the car policy, and forms a kind of endorsement, the tariff rate being only £3 per year up to £300 in value, and as the price of a really roomy and very nicely furnished two-roomed trailer is only £165 there is practically no case where above £3 is required. Caravans can also be readily hired, and a similar arrangement is worked with the insurance company at reduced rates. With regard to comfort, the latest models of trailer-caravans show a very great improvement, and one firm in particular has made a very genuine and definite attempt to lay out, furnish, and equip their trailer-caravans with special attention to the ladies' requirements. It is only fitting that this step should have been taken by the original inventors of the trailer-caravan.

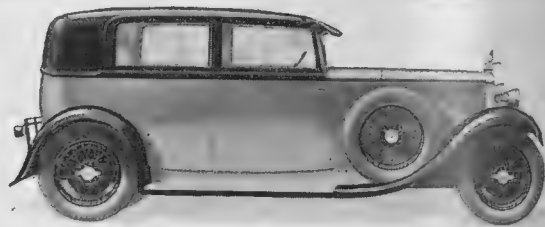
Messrs. Eccles latest caravan is a very great improvement on anything we have seen on the roads hitherto. Briefly, it is of the stream-lined pattern, which saves a great deal of wind resistance, and a most important point is that although it is solid panelled for warmth it is not heavy. Two rooms are provided, which is really a necessity where a family is concerned, and the division is so arranged that in the daytime the interior is not poky. Deeper padding and more comfortable seats, leaded windows with pretty curtains, make it very comfortable. The seating arrangements for meals are excellent, and there is one feature which does not appear to have been studied hitherto, but which definitely is a vast improvement, that is, stove, bowl, and all cooking utensils are readily concealed. There is always a certain amount of work in a caravan, but being a small home there is not so much, especially if everyone takes a share, but it is a distinct advantage to think when work is finished everything should be concealed so that you then convert your little travelling home into a comfortable lounge.

The New Zealand car registrations returns for February reveal the interesting fact that a British car—the Morris—has out-sold all other types during that month. This is a good augury for the continued expansion of British car sales overseas.



A MORRIS MINOR BEFORE THE KASHMIR GATE, DELHI  
Note the damage done to the masonry during the famous siege in the Indian Mutiny

# ALVIS



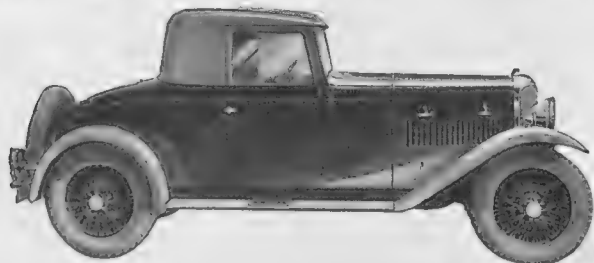
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**"MASTER OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY"**

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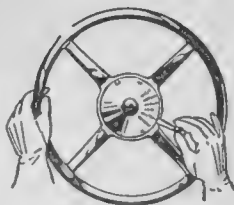
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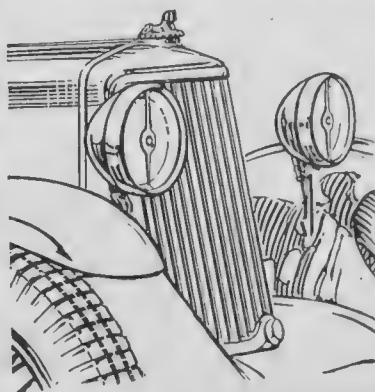
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Ask your local dealer to arrange a trial run and experience for yourself the mastery of driving control that the Self-Changing Gear provides.

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12 h.p.	from	£260
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20 h.p.	from	£525
30 h.p.		£1,250

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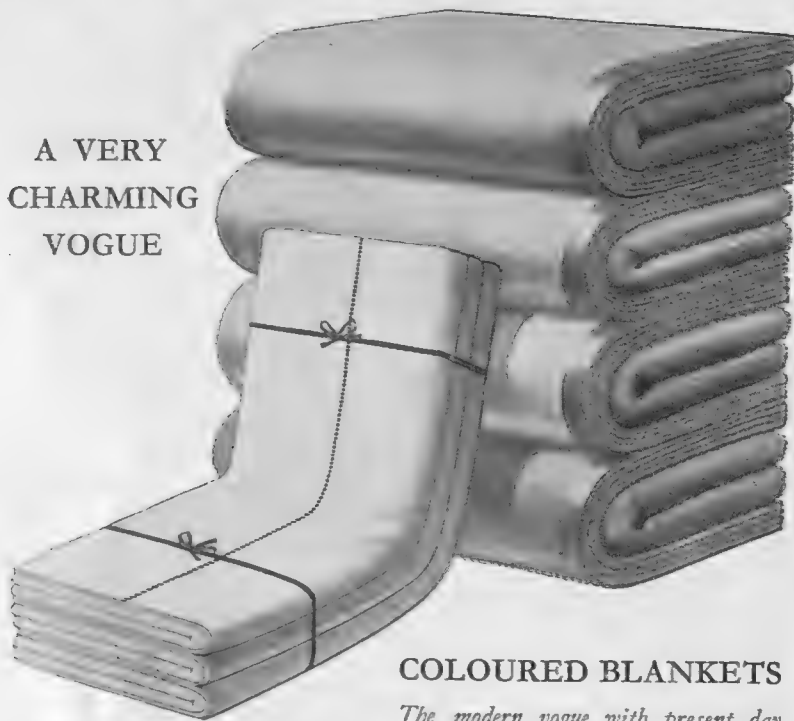
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CVS-24

## Eve at Golf—continued from p. 126

Mrs. Wood, who had leapt into limelight by beating Miss Fishwick's side faded out of it again at the hands of Mrs. Smalley and Miss Justice. Another couple described their match, "there's a lot o' leppin' and tearing going on here," and nobody kept a place as favourite for long. Mrs. Smalley and her sister, for instance, were firmly established round about Thursday mid-day, and added to their pedestal by beating Miss Allen and Mrs. Hardicker, who have gone thus far and no farther each year since 1930. But the semi-final was Mrs. Smalley's undoing, though she and Miss Justice hit the ball immense distances and had plenty of brilliant shots. So did Mrs. B. W. Heaton (whose husband is Master of the North Cheshire) and Miss Sloane, so that it was almost impossible to believe that Mrs. Heaton (who is a 4 handicap) has really only turned her mind from hunting to golf within the last two years. Believe it one had to, and both in that semi-final and in the final too she showed herself a sound golfer with real possibilities. In the other semi-final Miss Brown and Mrs. Barbour gave 8 strokes and a 6 and beating to Mrs. Lewtas and Miss Singleton, though for the first six holes these sisters had if anything the better of the exchanges. The final started in much the same vein, until once again Miss Brown played a masterly second up on to the high green at the 7th (it used to be the 8th). From that moment she and Mrs. Barbour were definitely top-dogs, though the others got in some very shrewd nips now and again and were still hanging on with the utmost gameness on the 18th green when a half gave the match to Miss Brown's side 1 up. I apologize for mentioning the weather again, but it was certainly the reason why



Concerned in the Annual Ladies v. Men match at Gullane: Left to right—Mrs. Walter Greenlees, Mrs. Holm, Mrs. George Coats, Mrs. John Duncan, Mrs. Wallace Williamson, and Miss P. R. Montgomery.

the National Playing Fields are only £5 8s. the richer for the competition for Mrs. Dunlop Hill's unique trophy. Miss Esther Black from Hawkstone Park did well to win it with 36 net, equalling par, and Miss Baird took the scratch prize to Ayrshire with 40.

The weather was no kinder down south for the Veteran's championship. Perhaps it takes a northerner to battle successfully with cold and wind and rain; at all events it was Mrs. Jeken from Middlesbrough who survived, with the supreme satisfaction of putting out the holder, Mrs. Mungo Park, herself. In the final she beat Mrs. Smith, from Royal Mid-Surrey, with a good four at the 19th.

The Parliamentary birthday party at Ranelagh the next day saw a triple tie for honours against bogey, three down from Mrs. Hugh Alison and Lady Aline Vivian, Mrs. Snelgrove and Lady Ellen Lambert, and Lady Alness and Mrs. A. Hudson. Miss Stringer, who founded the Association, and has mothered it and its members from that day to this, was given an illuminated address and a cheque to commemorate its twenty-first anniversary—the sort of delightful gesture which warms the heart, no matter how cold the wind blows.

A charity ball will be held at the Café de Paris Restaurant in aid of the Royal Free Hospital on Wednesday, April 27. The ball, which has as its president Lord Riddell, is being organized by Mrs. de l'Hôpital, and Miss Salmond is chairman of the general committee. Serving on the junior committee are the Hon. Lorraine Berry and her sister, the Hon. Dorothy Berry, one of the year's attractive débutantes, Miss Nan McGowan, Miss Gipsy Lawrence, Miss Esme Levy, and Miss Beryl Tilley. Nelson Keys has promised to auction a baby Pekinese and baby pig. There will also be Miss Marion Harris' cabaret. Admission on this night to the Café de Paris is by tickets only, which can be obtained at the door. Tickets, to include dinner or supper and breakfast, are 25s. They can be obtained from the honorary secretary, 25, Mecklenburgh Square, W.C.1, or from Miss Tomlinson, Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road.

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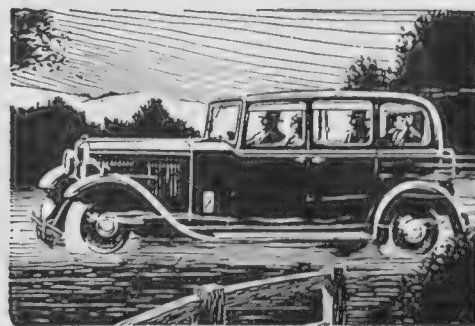
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## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

I mentioned in my "Notes" last week that our Open Show, to be held at Olympia on May 11 and 12, will be full of interest. There are several features not previously seen at Shows. To begin with there is to be a big ring set apart, where breeds are to be paraded during the day, thus enabling people to see the dogs they are interested in walking about, and not, as usual, lying asleep on their benches. There Mr. Gordon Stewart will give a display with his famous trained Great Danes. This will take place at 4, 6, and 7 p.m. on the first day, and at 3.30 p.m. on the second, and will be well worth seeing. The second day there will be the usual judging of specials, including the amusing galloping Pekinese, and the Obedience Classes, also a special Pekinese Obedience Class. Those who were at the Show last year will remember the delightful display given by a small Pekinese lady in the General Obedience Class. There will also be the judging of the Children's Classes. The famous "Daily Mirror" Brave Dogs will parade each day. There will also be Alsatian Obedience Classes. So it will be seen that the Show will be full of



KIPYARD LITTLE TOOMAI  
The property of Miss Pearson

that owned by Miss Pearson. It contains two champions, Ch. Rikki Tikki Tavi and his son, Ch. Kipyard Taffy, also the winner of the certificate at Cruft's, Kipyard Jakin. The snapshot is of Kipyard Little Toomai, dam of Crank Susanne, reserve to the certificate winners at Bristol and Manchester. When one remembers how scientifically smooth fox-terriers have been bred for years, it is no easy job to win in them, and Miss Pearson is to be congratulated on her success. In common with most kennels she has some young stock and puppies for disposal. The kennel is only a small one, so the dogs each have individual attention, which makes so much difference when they go out into the world as companions.

Mrs. Oliver's mastiffs are world-famous, and the owner of the Hellinley Kennel has done more to bring this splendid breed back to favour than most people. Her dogs are distinguished by their soundness, as well as their high quality. The picture is of Ch. Joy of Hellinley, home bred, by Ch. Joseph of Hellinley. Joy is a magnificent specimen. Mastiffs are second to none as companions and guards, and their imposing dignified appearance is always attractive. Mrs. Oliver has some puppies and young stock for sale. She is always pleased to show her



CH. JOY OF HELLINGLEY *Thos. Fall*  
The property of Mrs. Oliver

interest to everyone all day. Our President, H.H. Princess Helena Victoria, has kindly consented to visit the Show at 3.30 p.m. on the first day. No exhibitor who values publicity for her kennel can afford to miss showing at a Show of this magnitude, which is sure to attract many visitors. Entries close on April 20, the day these notes appear, and we look to all members to support their great Show and give a record entry.

dogs to anyone interested.

Yet another large breed. Mrs. Ballingall sends a picture of a young Dane lady she wishes to sell. She says: "Born August 27, 1931, all black, she greatly resembles her uncle, Ch. Lancelot of Send; a promising pup, sound and healthy, a good head and neck, and well-balanced body." This is a high-class puppy who should win.



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You hear them before you see them—those pathetic victims of superfluous flesh. The laboured breathing of the very obese may be likened to the panting of an overloaded car—an engine overtaxing its powers to drag the dead weight along. "To go upstairs was a great effort," writes this formerly overweight woman.

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filled with new life at a ridiculously low price. I really must say I feel a different woman. My age is 37 years. I have now lost 2 stones to date, and while before, to go upstairs was a great effort, now, as my husband says, I trip up like a two-year-old."

3rd Jan. 1932

(Mrs.) S. G. B., Surrey.

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28	119	121	123	126	130	133	137	141	145	149
30	120	122	124	127	131	134	138	142	146	150
32	121	123	125	128	132	136	140	144	148	152
34	123	125	127	130	134	138	142	146	150	154
36	124	126	128	131	135	139	143	147	151	155
38	125	127	130	133	137	141	145	149	153	157
40	127	129	132	135	138	142	146	150	154	158
42	128	130	133	136	139	143	147	151	155	159
44	130	132	135	138	141	145	149	153	157	161
46	131	133	136	139	142	146	151	155	159	163
48	132	134	137	140	143	147	152	156	160	164
50	133	135	138	141	144	148	153	157	162	166



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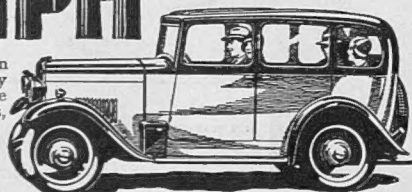
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# Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5<sup>th</sup> Baronet)

## When things went wrong

1826:—"I have had a serious argument with Bland<sup>1</sup> concerning ye terms of a wager made between us at ye Salutation<sup>2</sup>. That he laid me £400 to £200 against Maria<sup>3</sup> for ye filly's match with Sparkler<sup>4</sup> at Newmkt I have no doubt. But ye bet having been made some weeks before ye race, he now contends that ye bet was of £200 to £400 (seeking justification by ye fact that this was ye price at starting). Such a man as Bland, who can neither read nor write and must therefore rely solely pon memory, is clearly not sufficiently reliable for my betting purposes. I have refused his terms of settlement and shall have no further dealings with him."



1. Jem Bland, well known book-maker of that time.
2. An Inn at Doncaster, which was a popular betting-mart.
3. Bought as a yearling by the Duke of York. Afterwards purchased by His Majesty King George IV.
4. Owned by General Grosvenor. Beaten by Maria in a match at Newmarket, 1826.

Sir Edward: "So the horse went right but the bet went wrong."

Lady Angela: "And the old boy got nothing out of it at all."

Sir Edward: "No. As £400 was due to him, rather than accept £200 he washed the whole thing off the slate."

Lady Angela: "Dignified, but unremunerative. Just fancy though—a bookie not being able to read or write. No wonder things went wrong now and then."

Sir Edward: "This Jem Bland was quite a big man in his day. There's a story of how he laid someone £100 to a walking stick against Theodore for the Leger of 1832."

Lady Angela: "Who won?"

Sir Edward: "Theodore, and the fortunate owner of the walking stick."

Lady Angela: "What fun. If I'd lived in those days I should have gone to Ascot with an armful of umbrellas. Which reminds me. Remember the 'monkey' I netted over 'Umbrella' at Lingfield? Well, I met the Colonel just afterwards, and he told me a friend of his had cleared a cool thousand on it."

Sir Edward: "A good win."

Lady Angela: "Wait. You haven't heard the laugh yet. He only thought he'd won it. It seems that this friend of the Colonel's dealt with some bookie who had weird rules about limits, and only a quarter of the money was 'on'."

Sir Edward: "So he was £750 short? What extraordinary behaviour on the part of his agent."

Lady Angela: "Don't worry—he's not his agent any longer. Directly he heard about it the Colonel took the sufferer along to Stuart House."

Sir Edward: "Ah! So next time he won't be worried by mysterious 'rules' cropping up."

Lady Angela: "Rather not. If he deals with 'Duggie' he'll always know where he stands."

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